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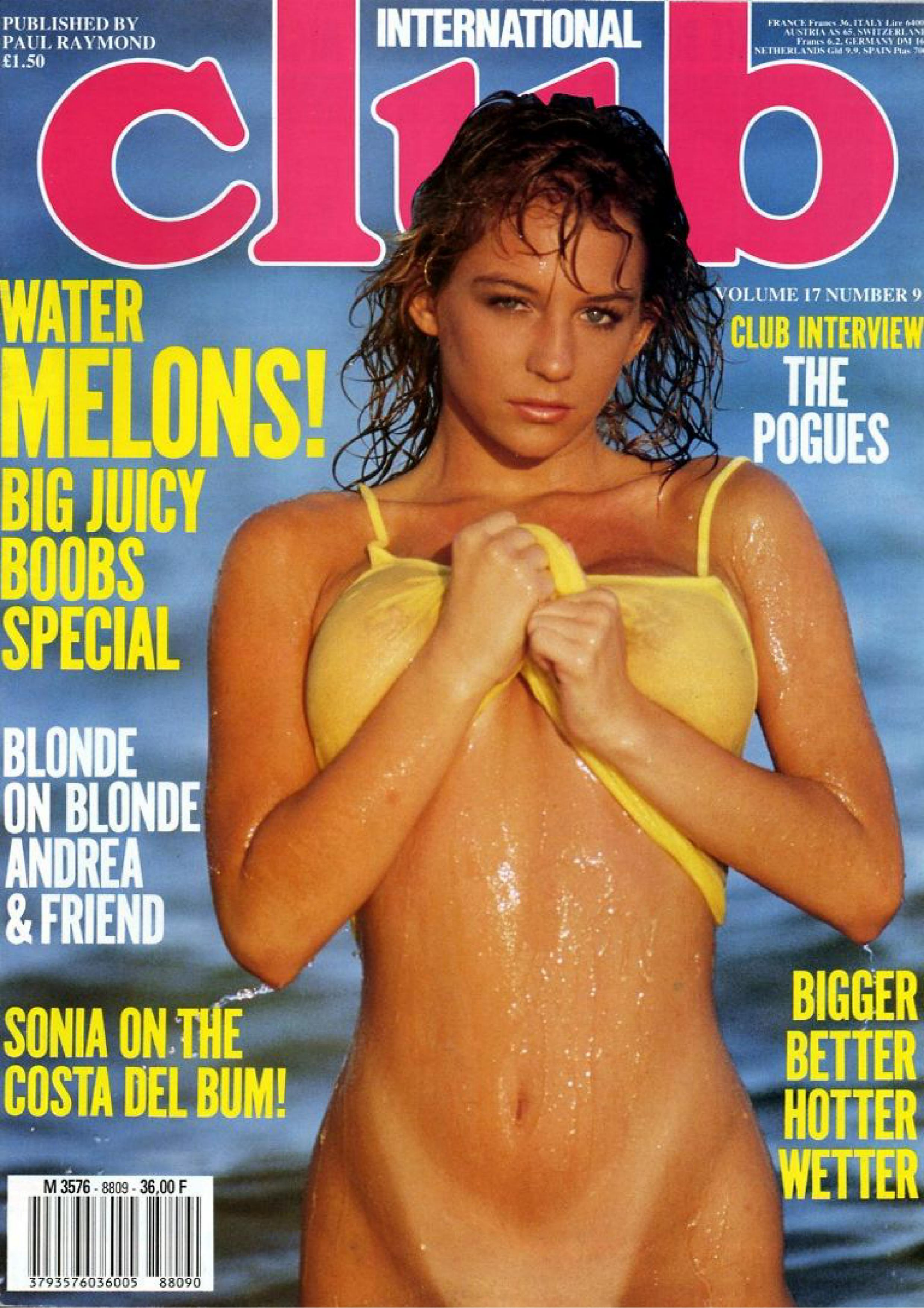

VOLUME 17 NUMBER 9

WATER
MELONS!
BIG JUICY
BOOBS
SPECIAL

CLUB INTERVIEW
THE
POGUES

BLONDE
ON BLONDE
ANDREA
& FRIEND

SONIA ON THE
COSTA DEL BUM!

BIGGER
BETTER
HOTTER
WETTER

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROO

PUBLIE·PAR·PAUL·RAYMOND

CLUB

POUR HOMMES

BANANARAMA: PULPEUSES A SOUHAIT!

EUROTUNNEL: AVEC LES ROSBIFS ÇA VA JUTER!

MINITEL

3615 CPH

MATE

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FREN

GA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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TEASE!

THIS · MONTH · IN · CLUB

After my appearance in this column last month, several curious lady readers wrote to me and asked if I'd discovered the size of the Ed's packet (and this time we're not talking about his *pay* packet, sisters). Well, I can tell you now that my mission was accomplished, and we are talking *large*. I mean, the guy's hung LIKE A HORSE. Throb, throb.

But the size of his pecker even when it was nestling in my cleavage was nothing compared to its reaction when I presented him with this month's Club line-up. My love bumpers were treated to a hot shower when he saw all *these* girls. And who can blame him?

Dirty French blonde Danielle got it twitching; Charlie's bristols kept it hard; centrefold Natasha gave it a good going-over; but it was the cock-boiling two-girl Andrea Clarke-and-*very*-good-friend set that milked him dry. We think it'll do the same for you.

And then the Pogues got him pissed as a fart afterwards. And a bloody good job, too.

So we'll leave you to enjoy all these treats for yourselves. Besides, he's tied himself to his WP with his shoelaces and is begging me to playfully slap him with a wet pork chop. I'm sure *this* wasn't in my contract. – *Dominant Dowse* ♣

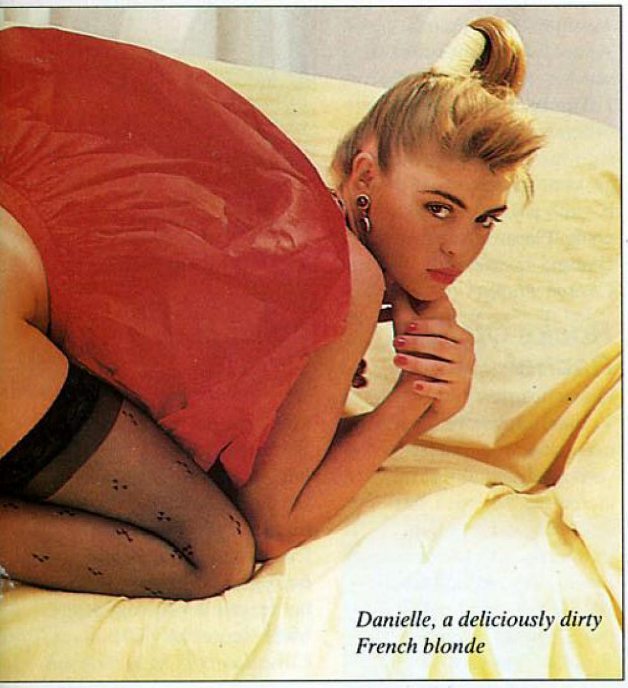
Hot 'n' horny Kascha

Charlie's got a right pair!

Natasha's just bumming around

Page 3 girl Maggie Longhurst goes further than she's ever been

Michelle's ready to go



Danielle, a deliciously dirty French blonde

We're all going on a Sonia holiday . . .

COME AGAIN

the girl you've asked to see

And especially for the likes of BJ of Sheffield, Dave R. of Bristol, Bouncing Bertie of East London and an anonymous individual known only as "Minka's Mirror Man", we're showing the ever-popular Southend girl again. Well worth another look or ten. ♣

The difficulty is in knowing how far one can go before crossing the line into unacceptable behaviour.

Three summers ago I made the logical progression from the jeans thing by cutting the legs off to make shorts. Again, many women do this, but how many have been able to resist cutting them desperately short like I do? Mine are so short that the sides of my fanny are visible to anyone interested enough to look – although it's surprising how many people just don't notice or aren't interested. However, many men like nothing more than to catch sneaky sights of bare pussy like this, total nudity being a bit of an anti-climax unless you happen to have a perfect body.

Sometimes I sit reading in public parks cross-legged, or with my legs apart somewhat, and that gets me some approving smiles.

Having such a large fanny, and long too – the slit goes up uncommonly high towards my belly – means that it has never been well covered by bikinis. Lately I have been exaggerating this fact by reducing the bikini pants until they are microscopic. My slit comes right up to the top edge! I have had to trim away most of my pubes to get away with this, as I find one can show off a lot of fanny but not large amounts of pubic hair. The effect is devastating, and at my local swimming baths I have had men nearly have a heart attack when they realized what they could see.

As well as this, I have created a seam by pulling together the material up the centre and stitching it. With this seam pulled right deep inside between my lips, even the swollen rosebud of my clitoris can be discerned. Can you imagine how randy I feel walking along a quiet beach in the sunshine showing the top half inch of my slit, and the seam deep inside caressing my throbbing clit, exposing almost entirely my generous rounded outer lips? Sometimes it slips right in between and disappears but that is what I currently deem to be going too far in a public place and so I re-arrange it back out.

My job is as a P.E. teacher at a college of further education, and this is an ideal situation for my exhibitionism. Being a technical college it is populated almost entirely by males. My work involves swimming, the gymnasium, badminton and squash with tennis in the summer, and consequently my wearing a swimming costume, leotard and tennis skirt respectively – all of which are inherently sexy anyway, but by the time I have "adjusted" them they are much more so. It is a simple matter to reduce the width of the material in the crotch on the leotard and the

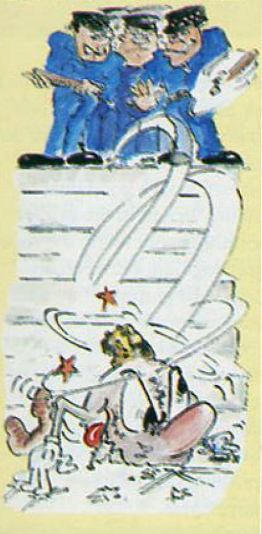
IN ARREARS

Baa ba ba bu ba bu ba baaa, bu baa baa ba ba ba baaa . . . I've actually had people writing in to ask me to perform that number, y'know. And why? 'Cos it's *M.A.S.H.*, that's why. And we all know the reason for *that* particular show's popularity.

HOT LIPS.

And while we can't promise you any of that here, we *do* have a picture of a beautifully rounded arse to remind you of that delectable lady. I'd definitely like to give it some attention, medical or otherwise. FWAAA!! – *Billy Buttock*♣

BAD JOKE



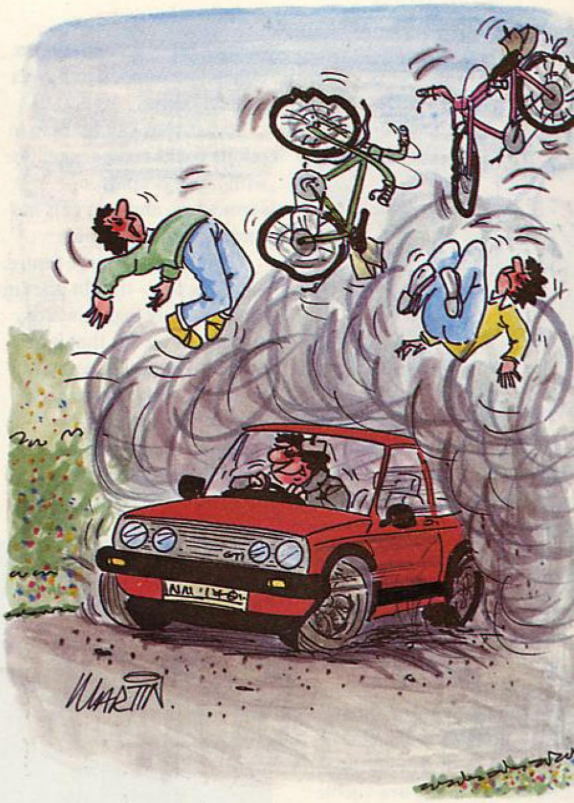
How many policemen does it take to break a light bulb?

None: it fell down the stairs.

R Roweth of Peterborough is obviously a man with a wicked sense of humour, and he also knows a crap joke when he sees one. ♣

MOTORVATION

"I know what I want to say in my column this month," shouts ***John Masham****. "Kill all cyclists!" On yer bike, says us . . .*



I hate to admit it, but despite the many improvements in vehicle safety – ABS brakes, safety cells, the abolition of the Hillman Imp and so forth – the perils of driving are increasing daily. With some road cars now getting close to 200 mph, their super-sophisticated thermonuclear powerplants spitting out literally trillions of horsepower with more moving parts than Thunderbird Two, the biggest perils are the old ones: policemen and cyclists. And while most of us pray for the day when PC Plod is told to get out of his hopped-up Rover and on to his bike (try catching us on the M25 *then*, pal), it's still true that cyclists constitute the gravest menace known to man.

We all know that joggers are a good argument for the restitution of the death penalty, but cyclists are far worse. It's not just their stupid clothes, nor the fact that they deliberately weave in and out of traffic while rich people like me sit stationary in £50K's worth of Italiana watching the fuel gauge fall at a rate of £15 a minute. No, the reason they're so awful is that they're all bastards. Here's why.

They look stupid. The clothes don't help – those nasty slick shorts and silly crash hats – but the posture they adopt is the worst aspect of it all. Nose down and arse up, they look like Mecca on wheels. The Milk Race looks like a mass high-speed contact lens hunt; why can't these people *sit down*?

They are stupid. Why else would a grown man spend good money on bent steel and rubber? Let's face it, in the springtime a young man's fancy turns towards two things: girls and expensive gadgets designed to frighten children and gallumph fossil fuels. Bikes do neither, and given a free choice between a V12 and a 12-speed, only a madman would choose the latter.

They are anti-fun. It's virtually impossible to break the speed limit on a bike, probably impossible to seduce someone on the back of a bike, and definitely impossible to hog the fast lane of the M4 on a bike. So what's the point?

They are vegetarian. OK, so I admit there's not much

SLAVE RAVE

WIN! TEN VIDEOS

Mankind's second greatest achievement is pure mathematics. And our most eminent boffins have proved that infinity is an impossible concept. It is therefore impossible to go beyond it.

But mankind's greatest achievement is the film *Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity*. This only goes to prove that boffins may be very clever, but they know fuck all about tits, which as we all know frequently go on for ever (viz Tina Small).

This film's about as subtle as dumping your guts in a Jacuzzi, but it's a lot more likely to give you a hard-on. It's been called "ludicrous, corny space-age sexploitation rubbish with lots of tits", and that was by the director. And those lovely, chubby, cuddly, crunchy people at Colourbox Video have given us ten tapes of the thing to give away!

All you have to do is think up a staggeringly original and hilarious caption to the picture on the left (which shows the heroine and her latest blind date), bung it on the form and sling it in to us. And then, *Robert est ton oncle*, as we say *en France* – you might cop the tape! If your entry's any good, that is.

Send it to The Secretary's Bra, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. As usual, it's the best ten out of her D-cups for the vid. ♣

CAPTION..

....

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

IN·T

swimming costume to an inc
or even less. Providing one
has removed enough hair on
can actually get away with
showing off a good deal of
fanny. When in the gym
climbing ropes with the rope
passing tight between my
legs, I have more than once
had my pussy completely
exposed to view, the leotard
having been pulled aside by
the rope. The trick is to
casually correct the garment
on getting to the floor as if
nothing special has
happened.

proof for this yet, but researchers from the Masham Institute are fairly sure that, yes, there is a strong relationship between cyclists and bean-eating.

They get in the way. This one's enough on its own, isn't it? If *you* see a humble bearded healthfreak pedalling his way along the road, don't you want to give him a nudge into the kerb? That's the great thing about the Bicycle Menace: we don't have to search for a cure, because one exists already.

Cyclists do it for their health, but we know that generations of speedfreaks, lorry drivers and tailheavy opposite lockers are ready and waiting to deal with the threat. As soon as these healthfreaks take to the road they must be dealt with. We all have a patriotic duty to keep the hideous spectacle of healthy people out of sight, out of mind, and off the roads. So I say to all motorists – kill a cyclist for Britain! You know it makes sense.♣

· BAG

A tennis skirt is what I normally wear about the college, and over the past months I have gradually worn cheekier knickers under it, starting with plain, white, cotton, full-size ones but now having progressed to ones of extreme scantiness where it matters, or which are transparent. Having very little pubic hair left and having snipped out the cotton gusset, I can sit in the staffroom and "inadvertently" show my pussy to anyone. At the back I usually pull the panties well up into my bum, so anyone following me upstairs can watch my soft cheeks wobble from side to side. It's quite amusing and not uncommon for people to trip upstairs behind me because they are not watching where they are going! Speaking of the staffroom, I sometimes do simple yoga in there, and some of the positions involve

continued on page 20

SONIA

Photographs by Ray Murphy

Don't tell anyone, but we're actually cheating a bit here, in that Sonia Torres isn't really on holiday. She works as a translator with a firm of estate agents in southern Spain, and it was in that neck of the woods we caught up with the gorgeous 21-year-old. "I do like my job, but it

can sometimes be a very serious affair. So being able to relax and let my hair down is very important to me –

and I choose to do that by posing in the nude. I like to think men enjoy looking at my naked form, too. I know my breasts aren't very big, but boys who've seen me naked have said very nice things about how my bottom is 'tight'. It makes me very sexy when I hear things like that, because I like to have my bottom played with."♣

TAPED!

Free-for-all orgies, thrusting breasts, gaping quims, tickly clits, multiple orgasms – it's all in a day's work for ***Allan Bryce****. No wonder his eyes are always so red.*

Cop of a load of this

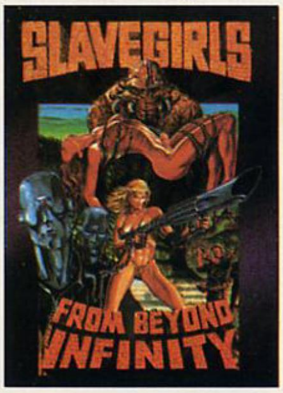
When the immortal Bard put quill to parchment to claim that "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" he obviously had no bloody idea at all about the movie business.

That's why film companies often spend millions on research to get the title of their movie just right. Think of the imagination that went into dreaming up the names of recent big money success stories like *Rambo III, Crocodile Dundee II, Jaws 3, People 0,* and of course **Famous Tits and Arses**, the first of this month's bumper batch of video blues.

Now *that's* a title! It's straight to the point, you see; you know just what you're getting. If you go into work the next day and say: "I saw *Famous Tits and Arses* last night," then nobody's going to ask for a plot description, are they? Anyway, this is a titillating treat for those goggle-eyed star-spotters among you who want to cop a look at what celebrity crumpet like Brigitte Bardot, Sybil Danning, Ursula Andress and Jackie Bisset look like with their drawers down.

18
Famous Tits & Arses
A TCX VIDEO

Apart from a score of lesser-known starlets scrubbing their best attributes in baths and showers, we get scenes like Jackie Bisset bonking her heart out in a soft-porn epic from her pre-*Bullitt* days, and Brigitte Bardot putting it about on a beach in St Tropez̃, engaging in mild lesbian antics with an undernourished-looking Jane Birkin. If *that* lot doesn't get your Y-fronts quaking then I suggest you go back to pumping iron and watching Arnie Schwarzenegger movies.



For future reference, Ken Dixon is the name of the talented fellow who put together *Famous Tits and Arses*, and by a happy coincidence he's also responsible for the next of this month's new releases, a right little cracker called **Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity**. This is about a pair of Brooklyn babes clad in chamois leather bikinis who crash their cardboard starship on a remote planet and then get chased through a low budget jungle by a mad hunter who wants to stick their heads on his trophy room wall. Why their heads? I told you he was completely mad, didn't I . . .?

The other main ingredients of this old-fashioned B-movie romp are some randy androids who come over all hot under the collar and start making sexist comments like "I wouldn't mind giving that a lube job" after watching the slave girls peel off, and some strange papier mâché monsters who amble about aimlessly like they've stumbled in from an old episode of *Dr Who*.

Meanwhile, the two lead actresses give their all to lines like "fate certainly weaves a twisted tapestry", and strip off whenever the plot flags, which is quite often enough for this movie to get my totally wholehearted recommendation!

Staying at this cultured level we next come to **The Best Chest In The US**, a beauty contest with a difference in that the object of the exercise is to find the best-looking pair of bazookas on offer in three different categories: mega, medium, and poached egg size. The girls come on and waggle their wobblers about two inches from the faces of a trio of redneck judges. "Cindy comes from California, and her hobbies are bible-reading and sewing." Give us a break!

There are six girls in each category – that's 18, or 36, in all – and the whole affair is played out in front of a vociferous audience presumably made up of the people who got turned away from the American version of *The Price Is Right* for being too rowdy. I voted for the lovely Bernadette, who came dressed as Cleopatra but whose winsome wobblers unfortunately only managed to cop an honourable mention in the megaboob section. Okay, I'll concede that she may not have had

TAPED!

The mile high club?

Feeling parched, luv?

the best threepenny bits in the show, but her asp was unbelievable.

The Outrageous Strip Review is more of the same sort of thing: 60 minutes of glossy *Playboy*-channel soft porn video-taped in front of a sitcom-type audience by a company called Bert Rhine Productions. As none of the girls on display goes so far as to take her drawers off, it would be fair to say this is only outrageous from the paying customer's point of view. But Bert knows how to keep us interested. His girls come on dressed up as Red Indian squaws and aliens from space, and they eat fire and charm snakes. It's just like Billy Smart's circus with some bristols thrown in.

And finally, there's just space to mention **Carmen Baby**, the dramatic story of a fiery Spanish lady (Barbara Valentine) who enters into a passionate, stormy relationship with a policeman who's on her trail. Will they set up home together at 999 Letsby Avenue, or is their affair doomed to end in grief? Either way this film is an arresting experience, very classily shot by top porn purveyor Radley Metzger. In fact, it was originally shown as *Carmen 2000*, but what's in a name, anyway . . . ?♣

Slave Girls From Beyond Infinity is available from Colourbox Film Distributors. **Famous Tits and Arses, Best Chest In The US, Outrageous Strip Revue** and **Carmen Baby** are available from Network Distribution Ltd, 64 St Mary's Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

GOBBLE!

Nathaniel Fatbastard *isn't too keen on foreign food. Which is why this month the totally grotesque gourmet turns a pizza into a pavement pizza.*

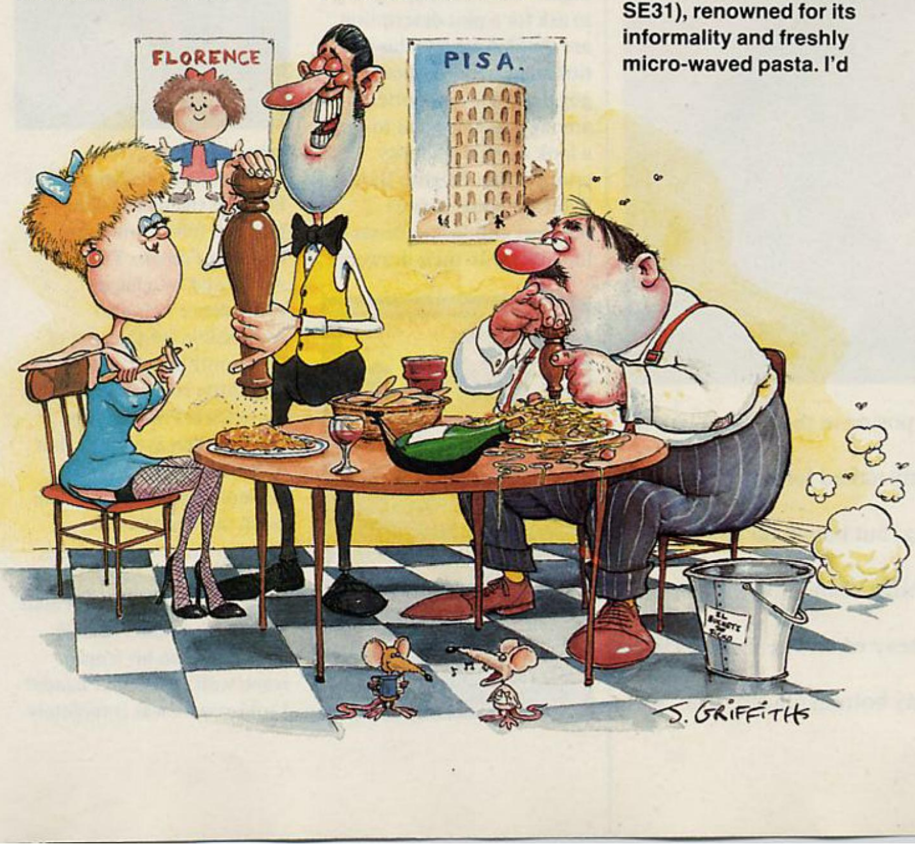
I was leafing through the 1988 Michelin Guide on the crapper last week when something caught my attention. I'd just dumped the previous night's *Medaillons de Boeuf en Croute* with a selection of seasonal vegetables (£8.95) when there was an ominous cracking sound. I'd buggered me bog.

I mention this not only to warn you against complementing French food with 12 pints of Bass unless your turd furniture is Armitage Shanks' finest, but to explain why I've had to forego my usual haute cuisine for local fare. This week, my Catford pied à terre has been so full of plumbers singing soil-pipe shanties, I have had to rely on those gaily painted, highly informal High Street Italian restaurants for those tasty snacks one likes during the day, and for a good shit. Besides, you can't leave those thieving bastard builders for a minute without coming home to find them on the sofa with a six-pack watching your favourite wrist-exercise video.

Following the success of Pizza Hut, numerous imitators have sprung up. My local, *Pizza Kharsi* (199, Lewisham Expressway, London SE39), has been adding a dash of colour to the area with its discarded cartons for about two years. *Pizza Kharsi* offers ten different toppings to their pizzas which are all 'deep pan' – named after the place they end up. I plumped for a 12-inch Super Spicy (£5.99), containing cheese, tomatoes, ham, salami, red peppers, green peppers, black olives, bogeys, mushrooms and pubic hair. It was like eating an incontinent old lady's bedroom slipper.

The next day I opted for *Georgio's Trattoria* (3, Stephen Biko Boulevard, SE31), renowned for its informality and freshly micro-waved pasta. I'd arranged to meet my literary agent, Davina, for a discussion on my latest TV series, *Fatbastard on Food*, and a few fingers on the tightest little arse in publishing. As it turned out, the informality consisted of some greasy waiter chatting up *my* tart and making obvious jokes about the size of his pepper mill. Incidentally, I find that the quality of Italian restaurants is in precise inverse ratio to the size of the pepper mills – the bigger they are, the worse the restaurant. Judging by the *Lasagne Verde* (£6.50), which looked and tasted like a tomato-splattered paperback, we were eating in the fucking thing.

Fortunately my new three-piss suite was nearly ready, so to celebrate I decided to treat myself to a blow-out at the *Milano Pasta House* at 83, Gucci Street, Kensington. Say what you like about the Italians' war record, but they're not backward at coming forward when it comes to producing a good gut-filler washed down with a few litres of Valpolicella. *Nouvelle cuisine* might be all right for the faggoty French, but when did you last see a Frog girl with big bouncing tits and an arse like an



Tina Gets It Off Her Chest

This month, she of the enormous breasts and penetrating intellect considers the problem of how to deal with football hooligans:
Kill the bastards, I say. ♣

armchair just waiting for some guy to sink into it?

I started with the *Cannelloni* (£4.50), which rather resembled my blocked soil pipe (and tasted similar, too) then conquered a mountain of *Tagliatelle* (£7.50) because it was there. Is there a correct way to eat pasta, you ask? Yes, pour it in! It's such slippery bastard stuff it's the only way. My only advice is to go easy on the Parmesan cheese. More than four spoonfuls and everything tastes like puke. I rounded off the meal with a sweet Italian white (fuck knows what) and the southern hemisphere of the *Cassata* (£3.50) with cream. A couple of mugs of that Italian cocoa with some brandies, and I was well satisfied.

The staff were so considerate they insisted on ordering me a taxi and helping me into it. The chirpy London cabbie got me home in no time, and with old-fashioned courtesy opened the door and pulled me on to the pavement near my home. He even helped me with my wallet. It was just as well he didn't notice I'd pebble-dashed his seat covers somewhere on the South Circular. ♣

TOP TITS

Don't you just love the summer, when all those big-busted birds get so hot that they can't keep their bazoomas a secret any longer? I always knew it was my favourite time of year. But unfortunately, it ain't going to be summer much longer, and then what happens? The big cover-up, when all the winter woollies come out of the closet and you have to have X-ray vision to get a glimpse of any tit. I call it a bloody shame.

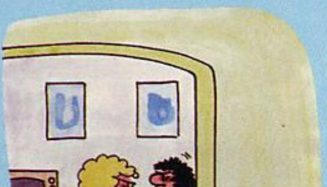
The only thing that'll keep me happy until the tits are in season again is this column. Especially if all the pairs look like this. What a happy couple! – *Gary Garbonza* ♣

UNCOVERED

Radical feminism's vituperant mouthpiece, Andrea Dworkin, has just put down another scathing reminder that she's still alive and kicking nuts. **Intercourse** (Arrow – £3.50) is her third or fourth (mercifully, I don't recall) forum-screech on gender outrage. As a young, married woman she was battered, thus heterosexual relationships suggested combat. The rotten personal encounter has been enlarged to global atrocity. Intercourse is – get this – a form of genital mutilation, so don't pick up this book on the pretext of getting excited. You won't. Chapter headings such as *Dirt/Death, Repulsion, Skinless* and *Stigma* should drive the point home with a claw hammer.

You can call the sexual act what you like, with billions doing it one way or another over the entire surface of the planet, some are bound to get it wrong. Is that any excuse to produce nothing but bile and loathing? I don't care how sane she comes across in a lecture hall or TV armchair; in print, she's a monster.

One of Dworkin's sworn enemies, a character called Bobby Booth (ex-teacher working in a launderette chain) is the puzzled hero of Guy Bellamy's **The Secret Lemonade Drinker** (Penguin – £2.95), or "a man with a bizarre but harmless blemish". His wife, Caroline, beautiful but cold, wants kids, but tests say that Bobby's sterile. His best friend, Roland, would gladly plant the seeds. Everything's tight like that, until the moment when Josie strolls into his Easy Clean branch, puts money in the machine and strips naked to wash her clothes. Then the chairs get musical, as is usual in mild sexual comedies, although this one has a light dosage of social comment.



Yeah! Well, I bet my dad fucks your mum more than your dad fucks my mum!

As for heavier numbers, they really churn them out at the Star offices – slim and racy erotic volumes, month after month without a hiccup, without clemency. The latest, **The Devil's Advocate** (Star – £2.95), is an alias for this sleek attorney by the name of Conrad Garnett, a mean and heartless lover who can stroke a woman to bliss while conversing on the habits of the dung beetle, which he resembles. Probably his type was down here making waves long before they thought of putting ice into cubes. Would you believe *The Maltese Falcon* with all the bits hanging out? Well, get used to the idea. This is it. ♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 9

opening one's legs in the most uncompromising way and showing off my cunt quite blatantly.

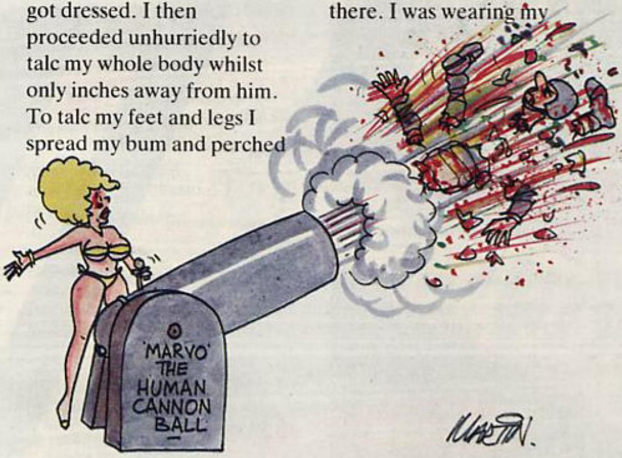
My little office opens into the changing room and showers. When the boys have showered, I strip in my office and, wearing only a small towel, go for one myself. I get very randy knowing I could be seen soaping my breasts and spending longer than necessary soaping my fanny – although I have lectured the boys that they will be for it if I catch them peeping. I dry myself in my room leaving the door ajar, and when dry do some stretching and yoga whilst still naked.

Once I had a boy in with a sprained ankle, and had to administer to him while wearing only a small towel which, if it was to cover my nipples, left my almost hairless fanny exposed. At one point I was sitting open-legged on a chair opposite him with his foot pushed up against my cunt as I rubbed in some Deep Heat. Then I told him to relax on the couch, which is there for first aid purposes, and told him to keep his eyes closed while I got dressed. I then proceeded unhurriedly to talc my whole body whilst only inches away from him. To talc my feet and legs I spread my bum and perched it on the edge right by his face, so when I bent down he could stare straight into my fulsome fanny – an experience I doubt if he'll ever forget. He was petrified with what I might call erotic tension but I behaved as if all was normal, and once again I got away with it.

I doubt if I need worry too much about being reprimanded about my behaviour. I know the Principal approves because I was summoned to his office to be congratulated for the increasing interest shown in sports and that I was therefore earning my keep there. I was wearing my shortest tennis skirt which I had hiked well up at the front. I had on some tiny, pale pink panties which showed my pussy off perfectly, and being fitted into the full length of my slit had exposed the sides of the outer lips. He could not stop his eyes from lingering there and when I coyly held my hands together over it as if to cover it up I used a hidden finger to pull the material right out and off to one side when he wasn't looking. With the same finger I massaged my clitoris until it was plumped up and poking out. Then I took my hands away and he really got an eyeful, which made my clit throb even more. He said nothing, and I take that to mean he is happy to live with it as he obviously knows a good thing when confronted with it! As he showed me out I discreetly adjusted my dress lest I horrify the secretary just outside.

So as you can see, I have become addicted to what might be called the negative of voyeurism. I do not understand why more

continued on page 26


'MARVO' THE HUMAN CANNON BALL
MARTIN.

Dear Alison,

When I saw you in Vol 17 No 7, I just knew that you were the ideal woman for me. More than anything, I love a woman who's not afraid to take the lead in bed – and now I have fantasies about meeting you and letting you grab my cock as you describe, and tease me until I'm begging for mercy. But just a word or two from those luscious red lips will do for now! – ***Joe, London***

How about . . . "Come here, big boy"?! – **Alison**

TWANG!

This month Van Doonican gets his Oates, drools over someone called Sam and talks about nude guitars. What on earth is record reviewing coming to?

Until very recently, the name Sam Brown meant only one thing to me – it's what they call those awful fluorescent belts that police motor cyclists (and old boys on Honda 70s who like to think they're the Old Bill) wear, and the sight of one in my rear-view mirror usually fills me with terror as I realize I'm doing 31mph in a built-up area.

But now, thankfully, there's a new Sam Brown in my life – and she can appear in my rear-view mirror any time she likes. Her debut LP *Stop!* (A&M) will also be a welcome visitor on my turntable, because this lady's voice has taken me by the scruff of the neck and won't let me go. In fact, she sings so sweet, you'd never guess her dad was none other than Joe Brown, the cuddly old 60s songster. Her brother Pete gets in on the act, too, producing a very polished sound for the album and helping Sam out on some of the songs.

And if there is a bit of a let-down on *Stop!*, it's the few songs that don't quite match the vocal achievements of Ms Brown, which are considerable. *Stop!* and listen to this one – I think you'll like it.

Onward, then, to the tale of the two Brians. The first one, Brian Spence, sounds like Cliff Richard, so *Reputation* (Polydor) is fine if you like that sort of thing. The second one, Brian Setzer, sounds like Brian Setzer and that can't be all bad, can it? The man who hit the big time in 1980 with the Stray Cats is back on the scene with his second solo offering, *Live Nude Guitars* (EMI), and the cheese-grater voice is instantly recognizable.

The man himself reckons this set is a return to his rockabilly roots, although I reckon it owes a lot more to straightforward heavy rock meself. There is a bit of 'billy, to be sure, but maybe not as much as the 50s-style cover would have you believe. Adequate, Brian, just adequate.

Another EMI release, *Shadow Man* by Johnny Clegg and Savuka, isn't adequate. It's brill. The story of Johnny Clegg is fascinating stuff: born in Rochdale and brought up in Zimbabwe before moving to South Africa at the age of six, he's been a tireless opponent of apartheid and an equally tireless student of Zulu music and dancing (he could speak Ndebele before he could speak English, and his current MA thesis is an analysis of symbolism and gesture in Zulu dancing).

The blend of Western and African influences practised by Clegg and his group, Savuka, is quite, quite, unique. No one has a sense of rhythm to match the Africans, and the mix of that and some good, solid pop songs is irresistible, being much easier on the ear than some totally ethnic African music. If you liked Paul Simon's *Graceland* you'll go a bundle on this.

And what better way to end than with those perennial smoothies, Daryl Hall and John Oates? I don't see how anyone can find the musical output of these two in any way offensive, and *Ooh Yeah!* (Arista), the first we've heard from Hall and Oates together for three years, is as sharp and polished as you'd expect (I remember seeing them live about ten years ago and thinking they were miming on stage, such was the studio-like quality of their act). Shame only that a fine LP has to be called something as dumb as *Ooh Yeah!*

I can't go for that (no can do). ♣

Sam Brown gets off to a flying start with Stop!

PAGE 3 SPECIAL

Maggie

Photographs by John Graham

It's not only Club International who have fallen in a big way for the charms of Maggie Longhurst, the 21-year-old from London whose big, brown eyes could melt the hearts of otherwise stout men.

Yes, if you reckon you've clapped eyes on Maggie somewhere before, it was probably in your daily rag. And you're probably looking at bits of her here which you haven't seen before (if you can drag your eyes away from those fucking great enormous melons for long enough, that is). Maggie herself seriously hopes you can: "Posing for Page 3 is great," she tells us, "but I've gone to all the effort of showing things a daily paper would never dare publish, and I really hope your readers like it. After all, it was them I did it for!"♣

IN·THE·BAG

continued from page 20

women don't do it. Perhaps readers would like to write in their comments. – *Jane, Oxford*

Any suggestions? I know what my suggestion would be – Ed.

Shower Stud

I just had to write to tell you about the affair I'm having with a 'toy boy' lover over ten years my junior. My impotent husband keeps me in every luxury but his failure to satisfy my physical needs had left me very unsatisfied.

Over Easter we had a nice sunny afternoon and I took my dog for a walk in a local park dressed in my denim mini-skirt and white T-shirt. I saw a handsome young man jogging with his dog, and what a sight he was for my sex-starved eyes. Beneath his jogging pants he was obviously naked, and as he ran his equipment swung freely and was so big I almost gasped in amazement.

Fortunately my dog chased after his, which gave me an excuse to speak to him. As we did I was flattered to see his eyes ogling my large bust as much as I ogled his chest and crotch. His name was Dave; he was 18 and unemployed and lived quite close to my home – close enough for me to offer him a lift home, which he accepted. He invited me in for coffee, explaining his parents were

The chemistry between us was electric and once he had pulled me close and we kissed I simply had to have him. Eagerly I pulled off his shirt and then we ran upstairs to the huge double bed. He dropped his trousers and his huge cock hung to mid-thigh over large hairy balls, dwarfing my hubby's portion. "Let's have a shower!" he suggested as I slipped off my top and skirt before he expertly unhooked my bra and eased off my briefs. Despite his age, Dave's looks and physique had obviously secured him many conquests and momentarily I feared my figure may not compare to a younger girl's.

However, once in the shower he allayed my fears, praising my breasts as "magnificent" and "so big and firm" as he massaged and soaped them superbly. Meanwhile I had my hands full massaging his cock which hardened and stiffened into a monster. Not only was it easily nine inches long, but it was thicker than my wrist.

We tumbled from the shower on to the carpet in a rampant 69, Dave's tongue driving me wild while I somehow forced his knob into my mouth and sucked hard. He loved cunnilingus and when he ordered me to "sit on his face", I happily knelt over him and watched his tongue lashing my swollen clitty until I came.

All I could think of now was his cock. Rolling me on to my back, he moved over me, easing my legs over his shoulders as he knelt above me, driving home his cock gloriously. He fucked me hard and fast, a series of thrilling, stabbing strokes, stretching my pussy to its limits. I moaned and howled quite uncontrollably, simply adoring being so full of his hot, thick, throbbing lovepole after months of frustration. I raked his shoulders with my nails as he told me he loved my "lovely tight pussy", and I experienced a shattering orgasm.

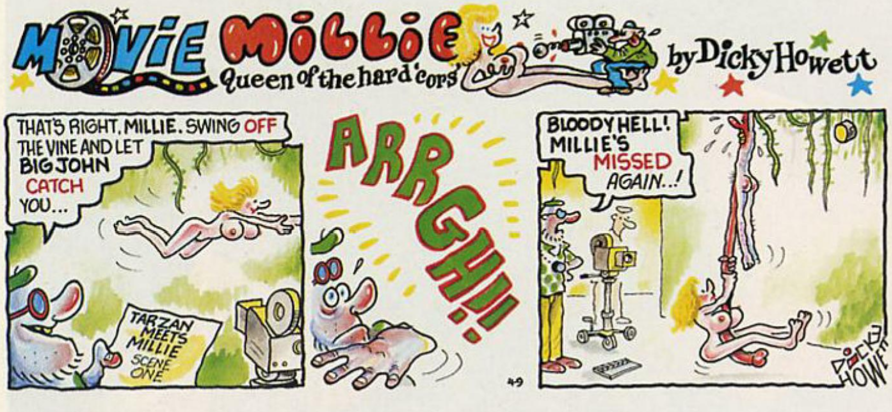
Next I willingly bent over the hand basin while Dave powered into me from the rear. Now I had two more delights to thrill me, the full and incredible penetration of his pork-sword and the benefit of a view of our position in the mirror. I think he knew the view was exciting me and he turned me side-on to it, shafting me as I held the shower rail, which meant I had a perfect view of his thick cock actually penetrating me. It easily provoked my third climax a split second later before Dave pumped me full to overflowing with his red-hot jizz.

Now Dave is no longer unemployed. Three days a week he fucks me senseless, and now I'm so happy even my husband has noticed the difference! – *Mel, Worcs* ♣

Dear Suzanna,

Your pictures in Vol 17 No 6 have had me on a non-stop wanking spree until my cock is almost dropping off with lust. You have the most wonderful hairy, horny snatch I've ever seen. I'd just love to be able to stick my thick, meaty cock up there time and time again. You look like a hot number. Were you feeling really randy in that set? – *Robert, Stafford*

***I'm always feeling randy, Robert – I have a permanently buzzing pussy!* – Suzanna**


MOVIE MILLIE
Queen of the hard 'cors'
by Dicky Howett
THAT'S RIGHT, MILLIE. SWING OFF THE VINE AND LET BIG JOHN CATCH YOU...
TARZAN MEETS MILLIE SCENE ONE
ARRGH!!!
BLOODY HELL! MILLIE'S MISSED AGAIN..!
DICKY HOWETT

O'REILL

We all know there's only one book of records that's worth its stout . . . and it certainly isn't the one put together by** Declan **O'Reilly, to be sure.

Goodbye! I hope you all enjoyed reading these selected entries from my own Book of Records, and I'm going to end this month by telling you about a group of gentlemen who have taken over the title as THE MOST FORTUNATE FOOTBALL LEAGUE MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE. The record has been snatched by the committee representing the English Football League, who qualify for it on the strength of losing Ken Bates from their number, on account of Chelsea's

DIG IT!

Gardening can be fun! But not very much, says our horticultural correspondent** Jethro Fuckwell. **So read this instead.

Ooo-arr, summer is finally upon us, and it's time we started thinking seriously about getting out into the garden for a bit of sex on the lawn. But remember, rumpo-lovers, it's nearly a year since you last gave the old girl a fuck in the open air, so it's as well to give the place a quick once-over before you start.

First of all, don't forget our old friend, the garden rake. If your lawn has been left unattended over the winter months, it's been prey to all sorts of nasty old garden pests. Broken bottles, lager cans, old bricks, etc, can seriously damage a pair of super-sheen eight denier black stockings or spoil the look of the red split-crotch panties we've been waiting to come out all year. Not to worry, rake them up and put them neatly in a rubbish sack, all ready to toss into your neighbour's garden.

Now we're ready to get down to business. But before bringing your wife or girlfriend outside, consider carefully exactly where you want to knob her. Most women like a warm but shady spot sheltered from high winds and direct

BOOK OF RECORDS

unfortunate (guffaw! chortle!) relegation to Division Two (see also LONGEST AWAITED-FOR RELEGATION).

From amateurish football teams, let us now move on to THE MOST AMATEURISH TV PROGRAMME AFTER ITV'S TELETHON '88. There were a whole host of possible contenders here, mainly consisting of all those truly naff "trendy" programmes with loads of annoying shiteheads with Liverpudlian accents and funny haircuts running around all over the place. However, we've decided to leave this category blank, for the simple reason that Telethon '88 made every other programme in the history of television seem distinctly professional.

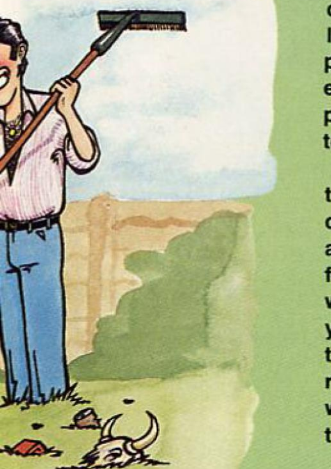
From the programme with the most cock-ups, let's concentrate on THE MAN WITH THE MOST COCKS. This record is currently held by Mr Henri le Sbian from Caen in France, who can boast possession of no fewer than 3719 cocks. Speaking through an O'Reilly interpreter, Mr le Sbian said: "Life is supported by an intricate and largely unexplored balance of co-operation and competition between organisms." What he *actually* said was: "Some people may be incredulous, but my cocks are here for everyone to see." Mr le Sbian also has 733 bantams, 801 hens and 340 capons.

Well, it's great to see you again – and what a bumper selection we have for you this month! Hello, there! ♣

---

sunlight. Up against a north-facing wall can give good results if she's the type that likes to cling on, otherwise prepare a bed with a southerly aspect away from anywhere dogs and cats might be able to get at her. Keep the area dry unless she's of the mud wrestling variety, or likes dressing up in rubber.

Next, bring her out carefully and lay her down on the bed you prepared earlier. Slowly begin peeling off her outer layers until the pink skin is exposed. Lightly brush the tuberous growths with the fingers until buds start to form, and moisture begins to gather at the base. Finally, check your growth and make sure there's enough for an adequate root.



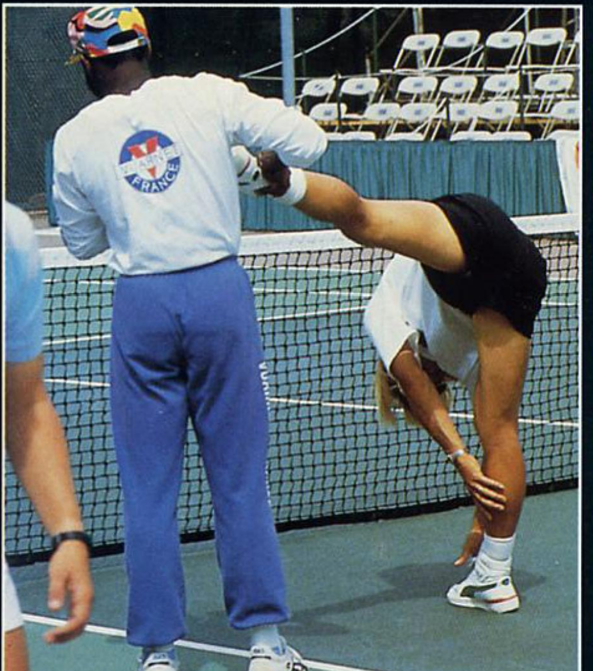
Now you can begin shagging. Drill about four inches deep between the legs, ease the tool out and repeat. It might seem tricky at first but it becomes easier, and you'll find you get quicker as time goes on. The deeper you go, the moister it becomes, but don't rush it. Believe me, less haste at this stage pay dividends. And I'm an expert. Continue the process until seed starts to form.

And before too long, there it is – a fine display of moaning, screaming and crying. Sit back and feel satisfied with a job well done. Later in the year, you might even like to invite the neighbours round to admire you at work or lend a hand with the preparation.

In the meantime, enjoy your garden and good shagging! – *Jethro Fuckwell.* ♣

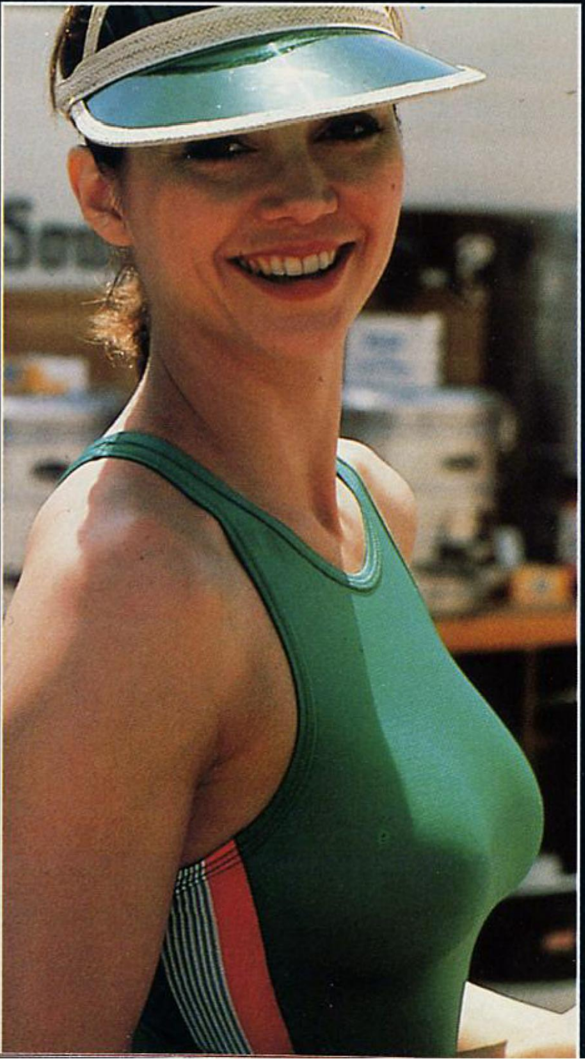
Snapped!

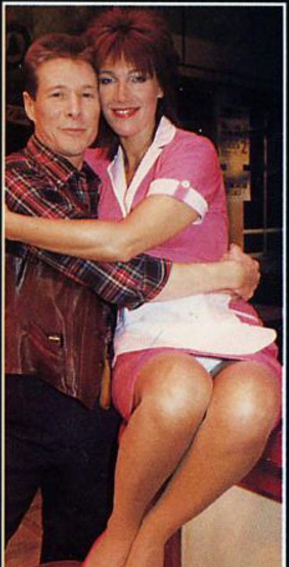
Funny, but whenever we go out with a Brownie these days we see loads of famous beautiful women – and *all their clothes fall off*. Well, almost.



Fed up of beating everybody out of sight, Martina Navratilova has decided to give her hapless opponents a sporting chance by holding her racquet in her foot from now on. Here, with the help of her coach, she practices volleying from the net.

As far as we're concerned, PVC suits worn so that they leave little to the imagination definitely fit Sybil, as a reflective Ms Danning so amply illustrates.





Paul Jones orders up breakfast from a rather Dee-licious waitress, but warns Kiki: "Don't go breaking my eggs . . ."

What a lovely smile from Victoria, obviously happy that her Principals are in such good shape.

ASK ANDREA

YOU NAME IT,
MS CLARKE WILL DO IT!

I'm truly grateful to Adam in Gloucester and Mike in Greenock for their slavering requests to *Ask Andrea*. You see, they wrote to me saying how much they longed to see me pose for pictures with "another delicious blonde" (their words, not mine!), and getting in on the act with a girl who's every bit as randy as me is very definitely one of my favourite things.

So you can imagine how much pleasure it gives me this month to introduce you to Melody. I'd never met her before the picture session, but it didn't take us too long to become very good friends indeed.

There can never be any substitute for getting it on with a rampant, excited man, all stiff and hard and sticking out, but there's also no substitute for a woman's touch (as I'm sure you can all appreciate!). Definitely one of my best ever picture shoots, this – and I hope it gets you lot all stiff and hard and sticking out, too.

But when you're not shooting your load, shoot me a line – I might be fulfilling *your* fantasy next month. ♣

letters to
ANDREA

Dear Andrea,

I think you are the prettiest and sexiest girl in any of the present men's magazines. My favourite picture of you is the last one of the set in Vol 17 No 4, where you're sitting in a chair holding a newspaper, wearing a pink top which has fallen open to reveal your gorgeous breasts and a pair of brief panties which conceal your cunt lips. How I would love to kiss you and fondle your beautiful breasts, squeezing your nipples between my fingers. Then I would kneel in front of you and untie your panties, to pull them down at the front and spend some time gazing at your luscious cunt. Then I would run my tongue in and

out of your pussy until I could taste your love juices.

I would then swap places with you in the chair and get you to sit astride my thighs, right above my erect penis, and get you to slowly lower yourself so that my penis sinks right into your hot, juicy quim.

I live in the hope that I'll have many more fantasies like this, and you'll keep fulfilling them. In the meantime, let's have those knickers off and those legs wide open! – David, Kent

What more can I say? Excuse me while I go off and have a cold shower, David!

Dear Andrea,

I don't mind telling you that you've already made me spunk three times today and I'm already working my stiff prick up to another long, slow wank over you.

This is how you could pose for me in Club. You are sitting at your dressing table looking at yourself in the mirror. You are wearing a lacy baby-doll nightie and very brief knickers, or a G-string. You are putting up your hair, admiring the shape of your pretty tits beneath the semi-transparent nightie. You start caressing your breasts through the flimsy material and start rubbing your pussy through your knickers. Still in your nightie, you pull your knickers down and display your pussy lips in all their moist glory. My cock is throbbing at this vision of you, open-legged, with that incredible look in your eyes.

I'll go crazy if you do this, Andrea – and crazy if you don't. All I can promise you is loads and loads of hot jizz, and my exhausted thanks. – Mark, Bradford

There's nothing quite like a classic bedtime set, is there? Trouble is, the last thing on my mind when I'm getting ready for bed is sleep! ♣

Well, what would YOU like to see Andrea do? Write to her at Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE and leave the rest to us!

Photographs by Roy Brewington

KASCHA

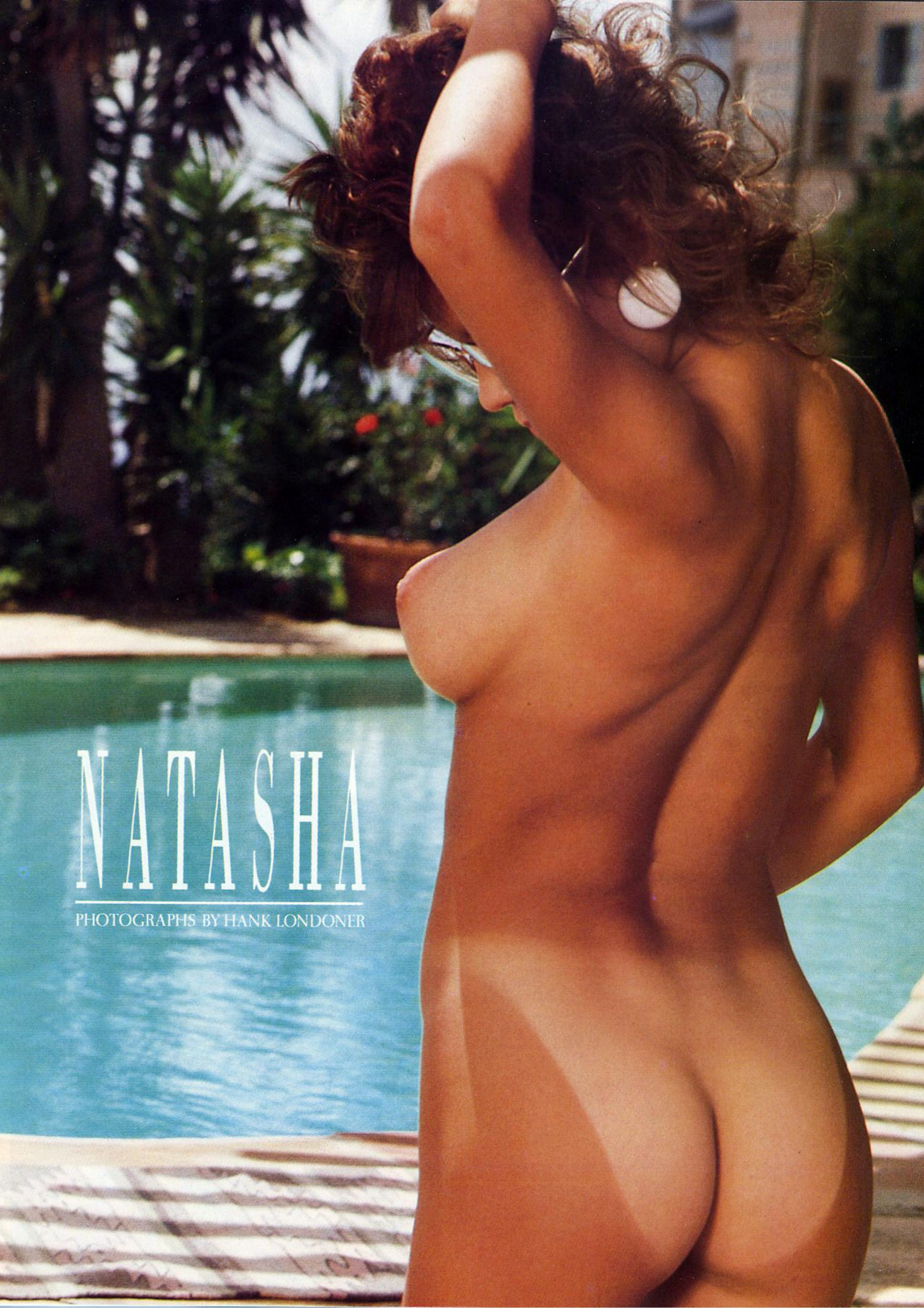
Let us introduce you to one of the hottest, horniest new porn stars currently taking the entire American continent by storm – Kascha. And looking at that luscious blonde quim, you can certainly see why. With

films like *Introducing Kascha* and *From Kascha With Love*, the exotic young meat-eater is making quite a name for herself. What does she think about it all? "Oh, I love being known as a girl who likes cock," she told us when we managed to track her down.

"That's how I got started in this business in the first place, because I enjoy sex and I especially enjoy doing it on camera. I suppose I'm a bit of a show-off, really."

Hardly a bad thing when you look like Kascha does. The lucky bloke who gets to shaft her on both sides of the camera is her boyfriend, porn star Francois Papillon.

"I just fell in love with his cock," she grinned. "It's so large, and gives me such great penetration. But then all girls like a big, stiff tool, don't they?" ♣



NATASHA

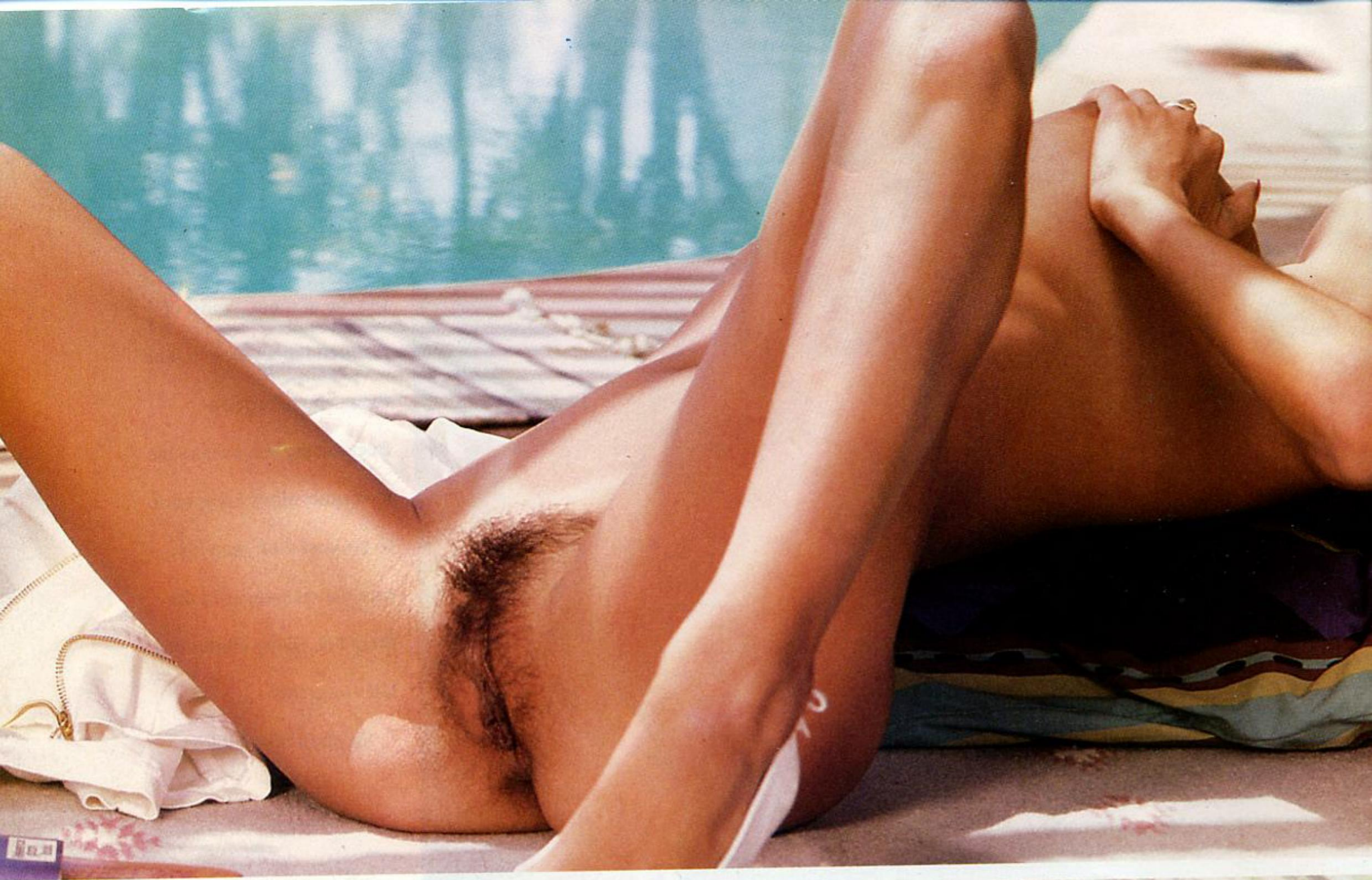
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

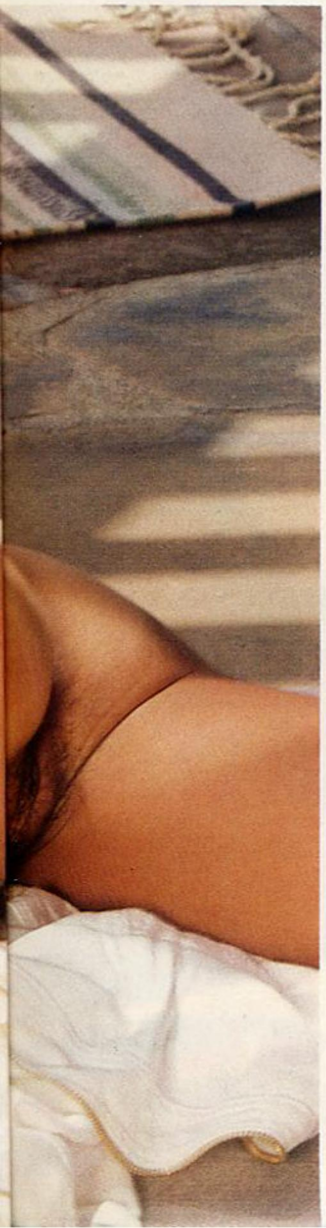
We were always told that "men don't make passes at girls who wear glasses," but that's definitely *not* the case with Natasha, who's making her Club debut here. Make a pass? They'd have to hold us back!

"Far from men being put off by my glasses," she told us, peeping sexily over

the top of them, "most of the men I meet seem to find them a huge turn-on. Because my specs make me look quite aloof, men want to get past that. And it's true that as soon as I take them off, all my inhibitions fall away, too!

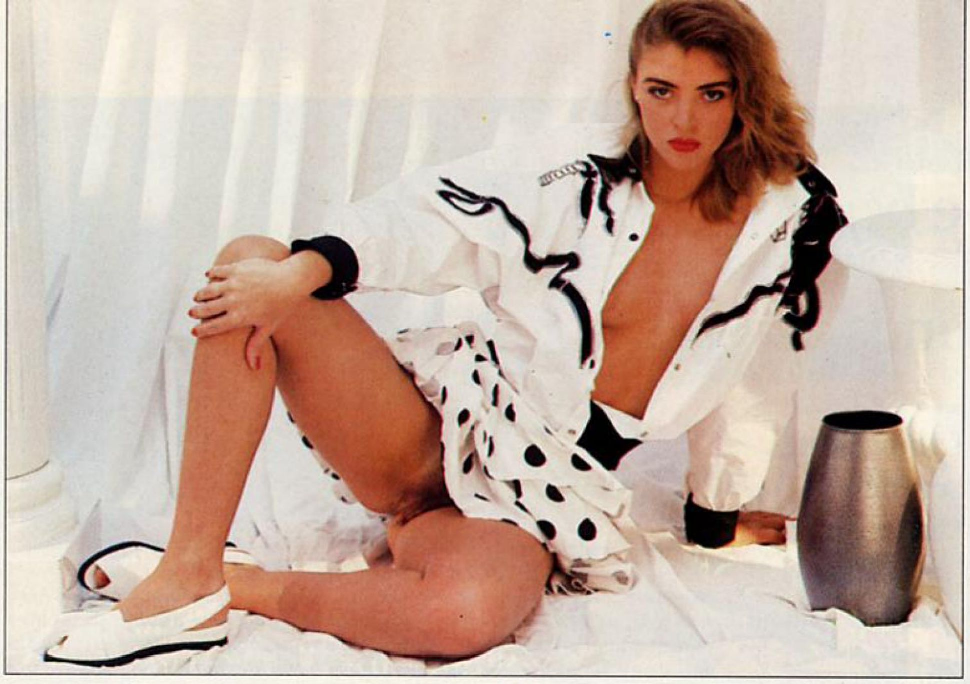
"My father's a biology





teacher," the 20-year-old from Brighton told us, "so you're never likely to meet anyone *less* bashful about the human body than me. I prefer being nude. And as for bed – well, let's say my specs do make things interesting . . ." ♣

NATASHA
club



DANiELLE

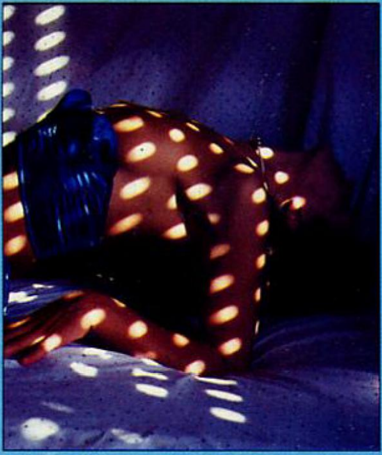
Sacre Bleu! You really like these saucy French maidens, *n'est-ce pas?* So much so that we've got another one for you here, in the delightful shape of Danielle, a 22-year-old from Marseilles. And this lady is downright *dirty*.

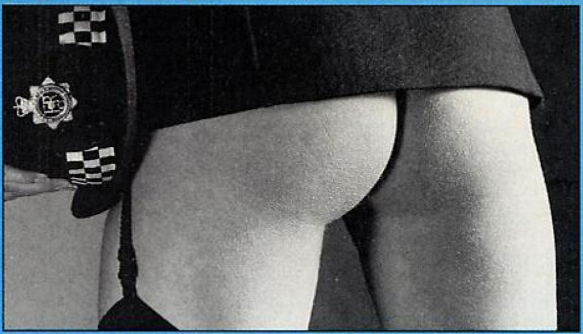
"Oh, sure, I *love* talking dirty to all my men," the delicious minx told us, showing her cleavage as much as she could in the process. "I tell them exactly what I want. If I want the doggy position, for example, I just stick my *derrière* in the air,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL MOORE

and say: 'Do me from behind now.' It never fails to have them spunking all over my backside, and I've never had a man refuse me." Those rolling "r"s as she's talking to us are getting everyone more excited, too – but does she find the language barrier a bit of a problem? "No – because I know all the really important words, you know!" *Naturellement.* ♣

TALKIN' BLUE





This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you'd like to do: we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

Women's Writes

Where the girls get down to business

IN MY FASHION

I am 22 years old, and a professional fashion model. Every morning I swim ten lengths at a pool in a nearby hotel, where I am *very* friendly with the manageress. I usually have breakfast with her in the coffee shop afterwards, and sometimes if the head porter is not around and business is slack, she gives me the keys to a vacant room and I go upstairs and wait for her. Her name is Marguerite and she is much, much older than me, but she is so marvellous in bed, our age difference doesn't mean a thing.

Sometimes we just lie naked with our bottoms touching, rubbing each other off. But when we have more time to be alone we arrange ourselves in such a way that our pussies are in contact, and when Marguerite empties baby oil over her cunt and starts spreading it over mine and pushing her fingers up me, I climax far better and fuller than I do with other girls.

Even if we only have a few minutes in which to be alone, we still manage to have fun. Marguerite likes me to lick her while she sits in an armchair, skirt up around her waist and holding her wonderful, big, woman's cunt open while I prod it with my tongue and roll back the skin of her clitoris, licking its little shiny-pink tip until she's writhing around ecstatically and begging me to finger her off. – *Francoise, Cheltenham*

NORTHERN LINE GIRL

I really hate it, whenever I travel on the London Underground, the way male passengers always stare at me, mentally undressing me, mentally fondling me, mentally going down on me or whatever – without making any serious effort to chat me up. Why is this? Is it because they're scared of a rebuttal or making fools of themselves in front of their fellow commuters?

No matter, after two years of travelling to and from work by tube, I finally got lucky, travelling home in last Friday's evening rush hour. He was about 25 and simply gorgeous; I was wearing a ridiculously short skirt, and I gave him the come-on something rotten.

The compartment was so crowded it gave me the chance to push up close to him as he started chatting me up, and we both got the giggles as his cock unwound and started poking me in the tummy. With my live-in boyfriend not due home for another two hours, I invited him back to my place, a ten minute walk from the station.

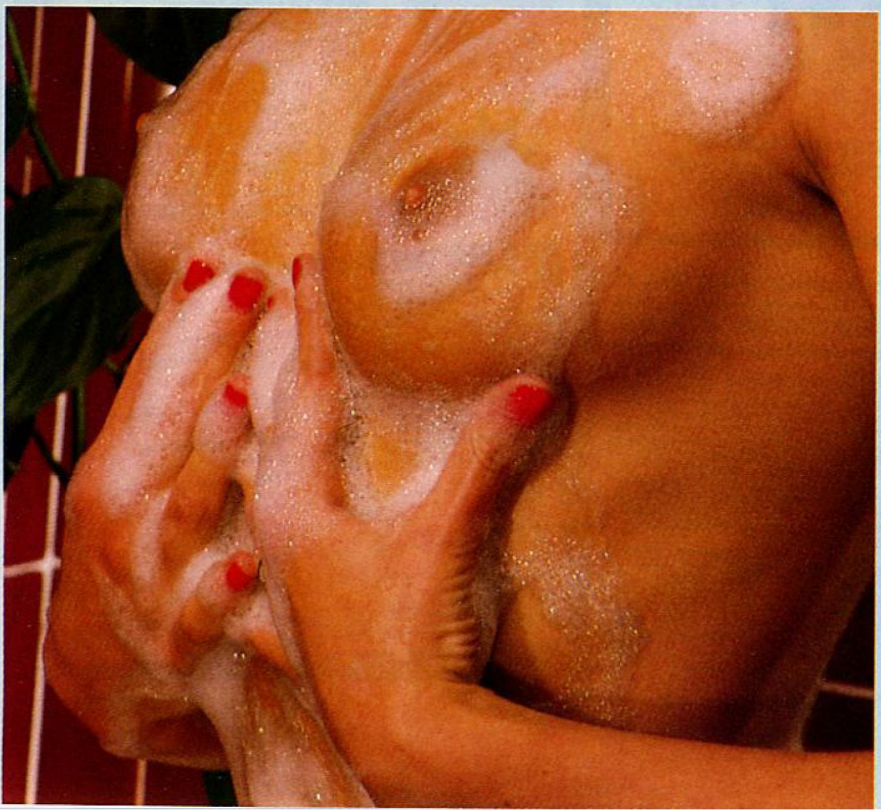
"As this is our first and last time together, we'd better make it a dirty one," I said, slipping out of my clothes striptease style as he lay on the bed stroking his lovely big banana of a cock. So, after a couple of minutes kneeling in front of him caressing his balls and wanking him off into my mouth we got down to a wonderfully slurpy sixty-nine, followed by a really frantic doggy-style fuck.

My casual pick-up's heavy, pendulous balls slapped against my clit as he thrust his wickedly erect tool in and out, and the dirty, filthy things he said while clinging to my hips and stirring his prick around inside me don't bear repeating – not even in Club magazine! – *Hannah, Colindale*

IN AND OUT PATIENT

My boyfriend, who is much older than me and a regular reader of your magazine, urged me to write to you concerning an unusual experience I had this year, during my final year of training to be a fully qualified nurse. I am only 20 years old, so I am both puzzled and excited by his attitude to my experience. I was convinced that it would be the end for us, but it wasn't.

Perhaps it would help if I began by telling you about myself and hospital discipline in general. We nurses are strongly advised to wear regulation tights whilst we work. However, as it can get very hot in the wards, I tend to run the gauntlet somewhat



and always wear a skimpy suspender belt with black stockings and often no panties at all. I realize, of course, that this is a risky procedure, but I do like to feel the starchy coolness of my uniform against my thighs and buttocks, and besides, I have always been an extrovert.

Most of the people I am training with are, as you'd imagine, female, but I was also surprised to learn how many men fancy becoming nurses, too. So we had a mixed bag on the wards and a strict sister, super-efficient, who lectured us tirelessly on the subject of staff romances, pumping the message into our skulls that such liaisons were unprofessional and could only lead us into trouble. I was pretty friendly with another girl called Jane. She was blonde and considered very attractive by a couple of the male nurses, who kept leering at the both of us whenever they thought the sister wasn't looking. Neither of us paid much attention to them. We already had boyfriends.

Anyhow, at the time of the incident I'm about to go into detail with, Jane and I had been assigned some cleaning duties. On this particular day too, the orthopaedic rooms needed a damn good scrubbing down. It seemed to us that of all the third year students in our group, we were the ones who copped for all the dirty jobs, and we bitched about this solidly as we tried to put some shine back into the place.

After about half an hour of elbow greasing, I was sweating buckets and very pissed off with the whole arrangement. So I sneaked over to the outer door and locked it. I then proceeded to undo my tunic and slip out of it. Jane looked up from her work at this point and asked me what I thought I was doing. "What does it look like?" I shot back, and carried on.

Underneath that, I had on my quarter-cup bra, tiny lacy suspender belt, a G-string and some black nylons. Feeling quite sexy all of a sudden, I searched inside my hand-bag for my spike-heeled stilettos and put them on. At first, Jane was quite shocked at all of this. We had been room-mates earlier, before each of us had moved in with our boyfriends, so she was used to my parading urges around the flat, which were mostly followed by a good session with my vibrator. But here, in the hospital, it was dangerous behaviour and likely to earn me a suspension or, worse, dismissal.

However, Jane was really as uncomfortable as I was, and she compromised by undoing the buttons on her tunic, revealing a full-size bra that barely contained her tits, and a white pair of knickers lurking underneath her tights. I told her not to be silly and take off her tights, and eventually she relented. She loosened up a little after that, and we started a fit of giggles, imitating the sister and stuff like that.

What neither of us knew was that the other door in the connecting rooms wasn't locked, and both of us stopped cold when it opened to usher in one of the leery male nurses wheeling a trolley full of instruments inside. Actually, I don't know which of the three of us was more surprised. For what seemed like ages, we all gawped at one another, although it wasn't difficult to see what effect the sight of two girls down to their undies was having on him. It looked as if the tip of his cock was threatening to poke a hole in his trouser pocket.

I was the first to recover by marching up to him, until my body was almost touching his, and checking to see how hard he was by running a thumb and forefinger along the length. I turned to Jane, who wasn't quite over her embarrassment. "It's as I thought, Jane. He's as stiff as a poker inside these. What shall we do with him?" Disappointingly, I thought, she just shook her head and came up with nothing.

"Well," I said, "I don't think it's fair that he should see us like this, and not the other way around." All Jane could muster was a pathetic: "Oh don't, Debbie!" But I know her better than she knows herself. Underneath all that prissiness, she's just a hot bitch like me. "Just shut up," I told her. "Why, you're dying to see his prick as much as I am."

This bloke just stood there at first like a rabbit while I unbuckled his belt, trouser-clips and peeled down the zip. Then I got hold of the trousers either side and gave them a quick yank. I took a peek inside his Y-fronts to see a really purple-veined monster cock, every bit as tall as my vibrator. I squeezed it gently just under the circumcised helmet and a large drop of moisture appeared at the tip. I massaged the fluid around, fascinated to see how the whole stalk bobbed up and down each time, like it had a life of its own or something.

Curiosity had got the better of Jane by this time, because she suddenly appeared at my shoulder, peering at the monster. "It's large, isn't it?" she whispered to me. I nodded, looking up at him. "And that's not all, is it? It needs a bloody good sucking, that's what!" As soon as I said that, I went down on both knees, cradling his balls in my hands, and positioned it just right so my lips could slide easily down the stalk. The guy moaned out loud and gripped my hair to steady himself.

Meanwhile, Jane got round the back of him and began unbuttoning his shirt, stroking flesh as soon as it appeared. I had worked myself up to a fine rhythm by now, taking him deep into my throat, then sliding back until the tip was almost out but not quite. Don't ask me how I knew exactly, but I knew he was on the verge of spunking. As a result, my mouth went that much faster. Then, when he was just about to, I withdrew, saying to Jane: "Look! He's spunking now!"

Both of us watched as his cock jerked back of its own accord, ejaculating its spunk. The first jet caught me just below my left eyelid, rolling down my face until my tongue was able to lick it in. After that first one, the rest weren't so powerful, falling far shorter around my throat and between by bra. I slipped a hand inside my G-string to frig myself off, but he grabbed me and said he wanted to do it.

Normally, I would have said no. Wanking's one thing, fucking's another. But I was pretty well worked up by now, so I suppose you could say my protests were feeble. My pussy was actually aching as he turned me around, pulled down my G-string and pushed me over the trolley. It was uncomfortable, but it didn't matter as I was far more interested in the sensation of a stranger parting my bum cheeks and licking me out from behind. His tongue wasn't gentle, either. It really probed inside my cunt, and brought me off in a succession of climaxes.

Thoroughly knackered after this, Jane and I groped for our tunics and left to have a shower. Once we'd had our fun (Jane had wanked herself off while he licked me out), we weren't interested in prolonging the encounter. Several times, he's approached me in the hospital corridor for a date, but I've told him I have a boyfriend and that what we did was strictly a one-off. I was also in two minds as to whether my boyfriend should know or not. In the end, I told him. He asked me to show him the exact outfit, which I did. Then he fucked me hard. – *Debbie, Leeds*

Holiday Blues

A Case of Over Exposure

I'm a professional photographer, quite well known in my own field, so I get the opportunity to travel to exotic places whenever my work takes me. It may seem like a constant holiday, but travelling all the time can get tedious, and I work extremely hard for my living. I also play pretty hard! I used to be a professional model before I defected to the other side of the camera, so I know the job from all angles.

In this business, I get to meet a lot of very beautiful girls, which suits me perfectly. I'm 28 now, and for ten years I've been a practising bisexual – in those ten years I've put in more than enough practice to be fully qualified!

I've had flings with quite a number of the models I've worked with; you'd be surprised to find out how many of them are bi, even if they seem quite young and naïve. At first, I tried not to mix business with pleasure, but as I mainly do glamour shoots the temptation of all that gorgeous, naked female flesh in front of me all day became too much for me to resist.

A couple of months ago, I had my hottest affair ever. At the moment I'm not sure how things are going to continue, if at all, but when I met Kerry I knew we were going to be lovers.

I was doing a shoot in Tenerife for a glamour catalogue, and Kerry was sent out by the model agency I used regularly. The guy who runs it knows my taste for the ladies, and as soon as I met Kerry at the hotel, I could see why he had sent her instead of one of my usual models. She was Irish, and although she was a very young looking 20, I could tell by the way that she was eyeing my hardening nipples through my shirt that she was no innocent Irish virgin. She was gorgeous, with short, black curls, green eyes and that smooth pale skin that I find really exciting. The way she was smiling at me suggestively made me sure that she found my exotic Indian looks a real turn-on.

That night in the hotel bar, we got chatting, and soon the talk had turned to intimate matters. I discovered that Kerry had always known that she was a lesbian, and frankly admitted that when she was 18 she'd been seduced by an older woman, a friend of the family.

"As soon as she pushed her tongue up inside me," Kerry told me, "I had the most delicious orgasm. I'd never been with a bloke, and since then I've not really wanted to – I prefer girls." As she said this, she put her hand right on my thigh next to my pussy mound. I was so hot down there already – talking to her had got me wet straight away – I knew that she could tell, and she looked up at me. I decided it would be better to come straight out with it.

"Kerry, I think you know that I really fancy you," I said, a little embarrassed. "In actual fact, I'm so wet right now that your hand would slip right up my cunt straight away with no problem. But we've got an early start tomorrow, so I think we should go to bed. To sleep."

Kerry laughed. "I don't mind missing out on a good, steamy fuck tonight," she smiled, licking her lips. "But you've got to promise me that you'll satisfy me tomorrow, or I'll be wanking myself senseless!" With that, she got up and walked out of the bar, stopping once to look back over her shoulder at me.

I walked unsteadily to the lift, thinking that she wasn't the only one who'd be resorting to a bit of hand

relief that night. I could feel a definite wetness inside my panties as I got into the lift, and I started to rub myself vigorously. As I walked down the corridor I was practically coming, and I only just managed to get the door open in time before I was panting loudly and groaning as I came inside my trousers. I leaned against the door to catch my breath before making my way to the big double bed and peeling my trousers and shirt off. My tits were so big and throbbing that they'd come out of my bra, and my tiny G-string was soaked. Kneeling on the bed, I hastily stuck three fingers into my sticky gash as the trembling started again. I knew I was going to come again any minute, so I frantically stroked and fondled my nipples with my other hand as I lay back and thrashed around on the duvet.

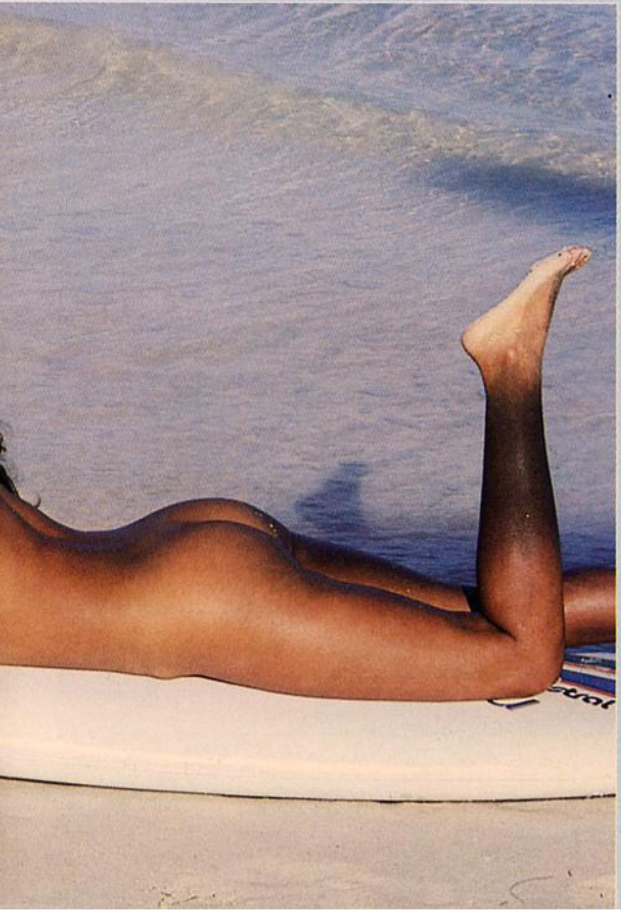
It was a pretty good wank, but no substitute for having Kerry's pretty, pointed tongue licking me out. I lay back fiddling with myself and thinking that I'd have to fuck Kerry the next day, whether or not it interfered with the shooting schedule.

I'd decided that the deserted private beach on the far side of the island was the perfect spot for the shoot, so the next morning after breakfast we drove out in the hired car I'd collected, and I planned the shoot. Kerry was quiet, and I asked her what was wrong, as she was looking very preoccupied.

"I'm just wondering if you'd thought about what I said last night," she said, not looking at me. "I thought perhaps I'd offended you by being too forward."

I explained to her that, on the contrary, I'd spent the whole night wanking over her. "My clitty's so swollen I

couldn't wear any knickers this morning." I pulled up at the beach as I said this, and Kerry just reached over and started to kiss me hard, thrusting her tongue right in to my mouth. She shifted in her seat so that she was leaning over me, pushing her tits against mine so that our nipples were touching. I could feel her hand moving to my wet crotch at the same time, brushing her fingers through my pubes. For a young girl she was certainly forward! Her index finger found my clit, and I leaned back in my seat as she flicked the hard bud around.



"You've made my hands all wet," she said, as the first dribbles of juice ran over her fingers. I thrust my hips and cunt up further so she could get three fingers in and fill me up properly, and started to fondle my tits as I felt I was going to come. But she withdrew her fingers and instead started to lick all round my swollen clit, and along the length of my wet slit. I held my legs as wide open as possible.

She was panting loudly, and kept talking in between licks. "Oh God, your juices taste so good. I love sucking your cunt, it's so juicy," she groaned. It really turns me on when a lover talks dirty to me, and I was thrashing around in the seat as she brought me off.

It was a fantastic orgasm, and I had to sit there for about five minutes to get my breath back. Kerry was watching me as I panted and I realized that I just wanted to lick at her pussy as she'd done. I told her so.

"Not yet – I want to make it last as long as possible," she smiled at me, and before I could say anything else she got out of the car and walked off along the beach. She had a beautiful arse, taut and firm, so I decided to get my camera out and start the shoot with some rear views. We soon got absorbed into the work, and I shot a couple of reels of film under the palm trees just along the beach. Then Kerry spotted a hammock, obviously put there by the beach's owners, and suggested she do some shots in that.

As I helped her into it, I suggested she take the rest of her clothes off (we were both in our swimming costumes by this time) so we could do some nude shots. This hadn't really been planned for this assignment, as I'd only wanted some mild topless shots at first, but the sight of Kerry's lovely pointed tits and large pussy mound through her costume was driving me wild, and she knew it.

"Open your legs a bit further, Kerry," I said as she positioned herself in the hammock. "Let's see those lips getting moist." And they were, so she was obviously as excited by this as I was – she'd been teasing me all along, not letting me fuck her. "Rub your nipples, get them really hard so I can see you're getting really excited. Now lick them, lick them hard." Kerry was trembling as I carried on clicking away. She couldn't have stopped even if she wanted to.

"Now spread your legs as wide as possible," I told her. "Stick your bum up so I can see that lovely pink cunt of yours. I bet it's getting really hot and sticky."

"You know it is," yelled Kerry. "God, please come over here and fuck me – I'm dying for it." I was tempted, but the shots I was getting were so hot, I thought it'd be better if I carried on; and anyway, I wanted Kerry to bring herself off, so I could watch her come.

She was moaning now, showing her hot, wet pussy to the camera. "Touch yourself, rub your cunt," I told her. Using both hands she rubbed along her fanny, making it glisten with love juice as I moved in for some close-up shots. I was so close I could see where she'd shaved around her cunt lips, and her eager fingers worked all round that area. She threw her head back as she held both hands at the entrance to her hole.

"Yes, put your fingers in," I told her. By this time, I was so turned on I could hardly hold the camera still, even though it was on the tripod. I watched and shot as she inserted both index fingers, one from each hand, into her soaked snatch. She worked them up and down to frig herself as her thumbs gave her clitty a good going over. In only a couple of minutes she was coming, screaming with the force of her climax.

After that, I couldn't wait any longer. I straddled the hammock and thrust my cunt over Kerry's face. Her teeth nibbled along my cunt lips and gently over my clit, while that long, pointed tongue teased my fanny with rasping licks. I was on the verge of coming myself by this time, but now I wanted a taste of Kerry's glorious snatch. It took a bit of doing in the hammock (to say the least!) but I managed to balance myself along her in a 69. The hammock was swinging around wildly as I set to work, giving her cunt a thorough going over with my tongue and fingers. Her cunt juices tasted wonderful after I'd waited so long for them, and I teased her a little, playing with her love button as she continued to lick me out. I thrust my bum in the air so she could easily get her tongue right into me, and soon she was licking greedily at the very insides of my pussy. She really was an expert at giving head, and I came twice in quick succession after all her licking and sucking.

"I want you to come, Kerry," I told her, as she wrapped her legs around my neck to urge my tongue further into her.

"Use your fingers, too," she panted. "Fill me up with your tongue and fingers." Quickly I pushed two fingers up into her snatch, still keeping my tongue inside, snaking up to lick all her juices. I was pushing my fingers up quite roughly, but Kerry was so juicy that she didn't notice.

Suddenly she ground her pussy mound right into my face as she arched her body, and came with a great silent scream. She was thrashing about so much, we tipped the hammock over and both of us ended up on the floor, a tangle of arms and legs and both of us sticky with love cream.

We spent the whole of that day on the beach, fucking, sucking and licking till neither of us could manage any more. Kerry was definitely the best lover I've ever had, and although the assignment was only meant to last a week, we actually stayed on Tenerife for two weeks. Although we spent most of the time fucking – we could barely keep our hands off each other – we did find time to explore the island, too, and tried out some sailing and wind surfing. But as you can guess, basically we just fucked.

I still see Kerry from time to time, although it's difficult to carry on a full-blown affair when we're both travelling so much with work. Funnily enough, Kerry's now better known than me, because since I sold several rolls of our beach romps to a continental girlie mag, she's a really hot property! And I know that best of all. – *Sareena, Birmingham*

BONKING with the Braddons

Dan says it's my turn to write about one of our sexual adventures, so here goes. I decided to tell you about a weekend Dan and I spent in Holland last March with our friends, Fiona and Jeff. I chose that because it makes me feel randy just to think about it.

We spent most of the Saturday on a trip round the Dutch tulip fields, which were really spectacular, but it was quite clear to Fiona and me that our husbands hadn't actually come to Holland for the tulips. They could hardly wait for the evening, when we planned to visit one of the Amsterdam sex shows.

Not that Fiona or I minded. We were looking forward to the sex show, too, because we wanted an excuse to show our two guys that it's not just the professionals who can provide red hot entertainment. So, back at our hotel, Fiona and I each took care to dress appropriately for a visit to a sex show.

I'm a real exhibitionist; I love dressing sexily and showing off my body. And of course Dan gets really turned on when I flaunt my body in front of other people.

That evening I squeezed myself into a pair of skin-tight silver trousers, a pair of red shoes with dizzily high heels, and a small red leather waistcoat. The waistcoat is short, rounded and buttonless. I like to wear it with nothing underneath and let it hang open so that it shows off my boobs. If I sit still it just about covers my nipples, but who wants to sit still all the time?

"You look fantastic," Dan said to me. Judging by the bulge in his trousers, I reckon he meant it.

Fiona looked fantastic, too. She's always pretty way-out with her choice of clothes, and this evening she'd really gone to town. From her high stiletto heels to the bow in her hair she was dressed in black. Actually "undressed in black" might be a more appropriate description.

She wore a black net underskirt, the sort a girl would normally wear under a rock and roll outfit. The only difference was that Fiona wore the underskirt with nothing over it. Around her knees there were lots of layers of net, but around her thighs and bum there was just the one layer which was completely see-through. Under it you could see her black suspenders, stockings and miniscule G-string. Above her waist there was no blouse, just a bra – but what a bra. It was one of those uplift sort that simply fit under your boobs and push them upwards but don't cover a thing. Fiona's tits were fully on show.

So we put on our coats and set off for our evening of fun. Round the canals of Amsterdam there are lots of sex clubs, porno shows and brothels, with something for just about everyone. Jeff had the address of a place that a friend had recommended to him and, since that friend is one of the craziest sex addicts I know, I guessed we were in for a good time.

As we walked the streets, I must admit our two guys kept getting distracted by the various sights. They led us into a peep show at one stage, and while Dan was looking at a girl doing rude things with a candle I joined him in the cubicle, took out his cock and started wanking him off. He wasn't far off coming when his money ran out, and he decided maybe he'd better save himself for later anyway.

Next we called in at a topless bar for a drink. The barmaids and waitresses had on microscopic skirts and no tops, and the place was packed with guys. Fiona and I took off our coats and gave them all an eyeful of our boobs, too. I leaned back on the bar so that my waistcoat hung right open and my tits were on display. It really turned me on to know that all those guys could see my boobs.

I felt myself getting wet between the legs as various guys eyed me up and down. Dan and Jeff enjoyed having us show ourselves off in front of all the others. Fiona and I kept chattering and touching out tits against each other so everyone noticed us. It was really fun.

Dan and Jeff decided to get in on the act. Fiona had pulled up her net skirt and pulled aside her G-string, revealing her shaved cunt, and both Dan and Jeff were busy pushing fingers up inside her at the same time. She was rolling her nipples between the tips of her fingers.

When she saw me looking she winked, saying: "Time to go now, boys. The night's young yet, and Linda wants a turn as well."

It's nice to have a friend who's so considerate of one's needs. So out we went into the night again, loking for the sex club we had the address of. It was only just round the corner.

The entrance charge to the club was not cheap, but then we meant to enjoy ourselves so we didn't really mind. We left our coats with the girl at the door and went inside. The staff of the place were all female. Most of the customers were male, though there were several couples like us who were obviously there for a randy night out.

We made our way towards the bar (all drinks were included in the price we'd paid) and what a sight met our eyes! One girl was lying back on the bar, absolutely naked, while some guy was tonguing her as hard as he could. She was pulling the lips of her cunt apart so he could get his tongue right inside her. She looked as if she was enjoying it.

Opposite the bar was a low platform where a couple of naked girls sat, knees up and legs wide apart, offering a feel to anyone who wanted. And between the bar and the platform were tables and chairs where couples in various stages of undress sat and chatted. Several of the girls – the ones who worked there – were completely naked except for shoes. The others, like Fiona and me, were dressed for one purpose only – sex.

On one table a girl was lying on her back while a guy fucked her as another pushed his cock in and out of her mouth. Nearby, a naked waitress brought drinks to a couple of guys who poured beer on her breasts and sucked it off her nipples. She let them do it as if it were the most normal thing in the world.

We collected some drinks from a beautiful, big-breasted blonde behind the bar who offered her tits for Dan and Jeff to feel. Our two guys were getting really randy in these erotic surroundings. And so were Fiona and I.

Beyond the bar area there was a small dance floor. A few couples were there, though they weren't doing much dancing. They shuffled slowly round the floor, rubbing against each other, or stood still, feeling each other all over.

One couple were obviously

getting really worked up at being able to do all the erotic things they wanted to in public. The girl's tight red dress buttoned all the way up the back – but the buttons were undone right up to her waist so the skirt hung open showing legs, stockings and an ample amount of her bum, for she wore no panties. She was rubbing her groin hard against his thigh, one hand gripping the bulge in the front of his trousers. I felt the warm wetness of my cunt seeping out as a feeling of total randiness came over me.

We found seats, for the evening's show was about to begin. The dance floor cleared and the first performer came on. She was stunning. She moved among the tables, inviting members of the audience to remove items of her clothing. After one guy removed her bra she started leaning over some of the men, brushing her boobs against their faces. Several had a good feel of her tits and one started to suck her nipples. Another joined him, and then both were busy with a boob each.

"You're not the only one who can do that," I called out, standing up and stripping off my waistcoat. I offered my boobs to Dan and Jeff who both stroked them till the nipples were hard. Then I went over to four other guys to let them have a go, too. They didn't need asking twice. I was soon getting a fabulous massage from eight hands. It felt really great, and I knew Dan was enjoying watching it.

Our stripper, who I guess was getting paid for her performance, didn't seem to mind my intrusion. She came over to me and we rubbed our boobs together. The touch of her nipples on mine was electric. I could feel my cunt juicing up inside me. Then she moved away again and got some guy to pull off her panties.

I went back to Dan, who congratulated me on my performance and suggested I should carry on. I was so turned on by now that I didn't need any encouragement. Fiona helped me peel off my skin-tight trousers. I had nothing on underneath.

The stripper was now naked, and she leaned back on a table and inserted a finger into her cunt. She withdrew it and pushed it into her mouth to suck it. Then she offered her cunt to anyone who wanted to poke a finger up and then suck it. Several men did.

"Hey, it tastes of strawberry," one guy said.

"You're right," said another. "It is strawberry."

"How do you do it?" I asked the stripper.

"Just a spoonful of strawberry sauce before the show," she replied. "Push it well in. The guys usually like it. Try it yourself sometime. It makes a good guessing game to warm up parties." It sounded fun, and on another occasion we had a game of "fruity cunts" at one of our parties. It was a great success, but that's another story.

I guess I'd been upstaged by that performance. I hadn't got any fruit flavouring to offer the guys. But there were still several acts to join in, so I determined I'd show everybody what I could do.

The next act consisted of two girls, a blonde European and an Oriental, who were already naked when they started. "They mean to get right down to business," I thought. They introduced themselves as Inga from Sweden and Lucy from Thailand.

Inga lay down on a small mattress while Lucy poured sun tan oil all over her and began to rub it in. Inga's nipples became hard as Lucy's hands massaged the luscious boobs. Lucy rubbed plenty of the oil over Inga's body, and all the guys were moving in their seats to get a better look as the Thai girl's hands moved expertly up and down on the Swedish cunt.

Lucy beckoned to some guys to come and have a go, too. Jeff was soon there, with three other guys, joining in with the massage to tits and cunt – especially the latter. They all gave Inga a real good going-over. I'm sure there was one stage when they all had a finger inside her at the same time, but she was so well oiled that all went in and out really easily.

The randy bunch of guys were sent back to their seats while Lucy got ready to do a trick or two. The show she and Inga put on was hot, to say the least, with a great deal of audience participation to satisfy the guys.

I was already naked, of course, and fingering myself like mad. Fiona stood up, took off her net underskirt and G-string, and went to join in the fun at the stage. Inga pushed two fingers into her and the guys ate her out afterwards, licking the sticky vaginal juices from her shaved cunt. By the time the three girls decided to call it a day and make way for the next act, Fiona was absolutely dripping with her own juices and the saliva of a roomful of eating-out enthusiasts.

This was turning into an entertaining evening. We were learning quite a few new ideas to try out ourselves. Mind you, Fiona and I were now so absolutely randy that we were longing for a lot more audience participation in the show.

We didn't have to wait. The last act consisted of Sonia, the big-breasted blonde from behind the bar, plus two of the waitresses, Bridget and Annabelle. Apart from Sonia's red fishnet stockings, all three were naked.

Their performance was obviously designed to get the audience really involved. They brought out a box of dildos of various shapes and sizes, then proceeded to walk among the tables and let the audience use the dildos on them.

Sonia came over to us, pushed our drinks to one side and lay back on our table, telling Dan and Jeff to do their stuff. They did. Dan was soon pushing the dildo in and out of Sonia's cunt, while Jeff started massaging her beautiful big boobs. Bridget and Annabelle were getting similar treatment at nearby tables.

Feeling a bit left out of things, Fiona and I decided to have a look in the dildo box. After rummaging around we found a lovely long double-ended one. "This'll show them," Fiona said, lying back on the floor and pushing one end eagerly into her soft sticky cunt. I lay with my legs through hers and positioned myself on the other end of the dildo.

What a great feeling it was, cunt-to-cunt with a good friend and with a nice, long

dildo inside me. We rocked back and forth together, enjoying the wonderful feeling of rigidity inside us. I love that sensation – something hard and stiff pushing up inside me, filling me up while my cunt juices flow all around it. And of course I get really turned on by doing things like that when there are other people around. It was great that evening to see how some guys turned away from the three performers just to get a lustful eyeful of Fiona and me, satisfying ourselves without any male help at all.

Not that I don't like guys. Don't get me wrong. Of course I do. It's just that I like showing myself off in front of them because it turns me on so much to see them getting randy for me. And I know it turns Dan on, too.

Still, despite the fact that Fiona and I were just starting to warm up nicely, there was yet one more part of the show to see. It was the drawing of the raffle tickets.

When we had paid our entrance fee at the door, all the guys had been given a raffle ticket. Now the winning ticket was drawn out of a hat by Sonia. Jeff had the winning ticket. Then Sonia announced the prize. It was, quite simply, her – plus Bridget and Annabelle.

Jeff couldn't believe his luck. The three girls soon helped him out of his clothes and gave him the lucky winner's treatment. Sonia's sucking was of the "deep throat" type. She licked Jeff's knob profusely, then pushed on to his cock until the whole length of it disappeared into her mouth. At the same time Bridget was playing with his balls and Annabelle was rubbing her tits against his body.

A few minutes later they had him lying on his back on the floor. Bridget mounted his rigid cock, and Annabelle crouched over his face while he licked her cunt greedily. The two girls were facing each other, so as one was riding his cock and the other was getting probed by his tongue and fingers, they kissed and caressed each other really sensuously.

Sonia lay beside them, having selected a really thick dildo, and proceeded to push the enormous thing inside herself. It slid into her cunt easily and she obviously enjoyed it. Beside her lay Fiona and I, pushing our cunts together on our double-ended dildo.

The erotic situation was

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CHARLiE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DWIGHT FOX

In the Club mailbag lately, we've felt some faint stirrings of discontent. Is this possible? We investigated further . . . "We want to see many more girls with REALLY BIG KNOCKERS," you said. We obliged, and so did Charlie.

After sundry crappy puns on the lines of "Charlie's Aunt" and "looking a proper Charlie" from the Ed, the luscious lady herself actually managed to get a word in edgeways. "The most popular one is 'a right pair of Charlies'. Having big knockers really is a talking point – especially if you're quite small like me, 'cos they're so much more noticeable."

The Ed makes some moronic comment about whether she's always had them. "Of course," grins the 24-year-old Bristolian, "and I wouldn't be without them, either." Nor would we. ♣

MICHELLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

If it's a wild woman that you want, then Michelle's the woman for you. Our 23-year-old tigress from Portsmouth reckons she's insatiable.

"Ever since I lost my virginity," she told us when we went to watch the shoot, "I've had the taste for cock. Hardly a day goes by now that I don't get a good shafting, or have my mouth stuffed full of a rock-hard tool. I just love it!"

So she never gets bored of it?

"No, just shagged out! I remember I went to a really good party about two years ago, and there were so many tasty blokes

there I just wanted to screw them all. I think I managed about ten in the evening before I was knackered, and I slept for 24 hours afterwards. But I still woke up feeling randy, though!" ♣

coming in club

Autumn can be a pretty depressing time of year. It's when we finally have to accept that the summer we've been patiently waiting for is never going to come, and when it's already dark on a Sunday afternoon by the time *Bullseye* comes on. Could be worse, though – we could have dark Sunday afternoons WITHOUT *Bullseye*, and where would that leave us?

But the onset of the arse end of the year makes no difference to us, the purveyors of the smartest smut in town. Why worry about wet leaves on the roads when you can be secure in the knowledge that the next issue of Club International is going to be at least as good – yes, really! – as the last one, and the one before that, and the . . . etc, etc.

We'll make the dark nights more bearable – nay, we'll make 'em bloody *enjoyable* – by giving you more girls to curl up in bed with than any other men's mag. We've also got one or two surprises in store for you (and they'll be surprises for us, too, because we don't know what they are yet).

So listen to Tony, keep out of the black and in the red, remember it's pounds for points – and get down to yer newsagent's! ♣

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IT'S DOUBLE TOP!

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too much for me. I couldn't hold out any longer. I had my orgasm there and then, my whole body throbbing and shaking as the waves of pleasure swept through me. That set Fiona off, too, and she cried out with delight as she felt herself overcome by the orgasm that started at her cunt and worked its way to every extremity of her body.

Jeff was just heaving his come into Bridget's cunt. She rode him backwards and forwards, up and down, till she was sure he'd shot all his load. Then up she got and moved over to Sonia, standing astride her with legs apart. As Annabelle licked Jeff's cock clean, Bridget let his come drip out of her cunt and on to Sonia's breasts. Sonia in turn massaged the sticky drops into her large boobs.

Bridget then went into the audience and pulled two guys up to the front to join in the action. They were soon naked and, as they stood in front of her, Bridget knelt down and set about sucking their cocks – first one at a time, then both together, cramming them into her mouth side by side.

Annabelle was still licking Jeff's cock and giving him another hard-on, but now she'd been joined by another guy as well, who started fucking her from behind. Around the room the naked waitresses were being shafted left, right and centre. After a guy shot his come inside her, one of them calmly walked over to where Sonia lay and let it all slide out again over the big-breasted beauty who was still entertaining herself – and a fair number of voyeurs – with the giant dildo.

I saw Dan being undressed by a girl in a purple basque, then I recognized her as the one we'd seen dancing in the unbuttoned red dress. Her boyfriend was still with her and, as she bent over to give Dan's cock a good licking, she was in turn getting licked out with enthusiasm.

Some guys came over to Fiona and me. Despite our fun with the dildo, we were certainly ready for a length or two of cock. Soon, I was getting fucked hard and strong by a really hairy guy with a black beard. At the side of me, someone was having his way with Fiona. As the hairy guy had his orgasm I felt his cock start to throb and the jets of come shoot deep inside me.

As he moved away a thin blond guy took his place. He had a big cock but he used it gently and somehow moved it side to side as well as up and down. It was as if he was zig-zagging his way inside me – and it was fantastic. When he came, I came with him, too, clinging to his shoulders and pushing myself as hard as I could against him.

The tall blond left me and another guy took his place. I don't remember too much about him, except that he smelled of really nice aftershave. As he rode me, he made it seem as if the pangs of my orgasm would go on for ever. Then he came, too, adding his come to the two lots already in me.

As it seemed to be the thing to dump the come on Sonia, I got up and stood over her. A huge load of the white stuff trickled out of me and she greedily rubbed it all over herself. She was really glistening now with second-hand semen.

As I looked around me I saw Fiona with three guys. She was sucking one and wanking another as the third fucked her with all his might. Every so often they changed places so each of them got a turn at everything she was offering.

I saw Annabelle suck Jeff to another orgasm, smearing his semen across her lips, as the second guy shot everything he'd got inside her. Bridget was now reaching her climax and so were the two guys with her. She too received one load of come in the mouth and the other up her cunt. She looked as though she loved it. Then both she and Annabelle went to deposit their cunt-loads on Sonia.

Dan was busy with the girl in the purple basque. She was on all fours on a table, busily bent over his cock, while her boyfriend was attending to her lustful desires with tongue and fingers. I watched as Dan stiffened and then came, his whole body quivering.

Well, as things settled down we gradually gathered up our clothes, leaving Sonia still on the floor covered in come and still enjoying the dildo, and made our way back to the hotel. We'd all enjoyed the evening so much, however, that we knew we'd have to come back again. And anyway, the girl in the purple basque and her boyfriend invited us to visit them sometime. They promised to show us one of their favourite hot spots in town – a sex-disco. But that's another story.

– Linda Braddon, Bromley ♣

The Club guide to girls

1: Girls who giggle

Yes, it's another great Club cut-out'n'keep'n'wipe-your-bum-with series – on extra-thick paper, written by our extra-thick girl correspondent, *Vernon O'Tamar!*

Going out with girls who giggle is very enjoyable, because their breasts bounce up and down a lot. In fact I once knew a bloke who found this so enjoyable, he asked girls not to laugh on a first date. One snigger from her and his old man would chuck up all down his Chinos. Very embarrassing.

While most of us wouldn't go this far, you can't deny that sitting in a nightclub watching a 19-year-old's jeloobas jiggle while you tell her your latest crop of light bulb jokes is one of the great pleasures in life.

Various girlie giggles mean various different things. There's the little simper when you offer to take them for a spin on your Bimota; this means she fancies your arse off. There's the spasmodic fit of chuckles when you tell them the one about the midget female matador and the bull with one big horn; this means you're making a total prat of yourself. And there's the epileptic splutter when you tickle her nipples as she's downing her fifth Cuba Libre; this means she's pissed as a rat – or she's got very ticklish nipples.

Talking of ticklish nipples, have you noticed how many women have them? You never read about it in any of the sex manuals or letters to Club, but in my experience there are thousands of women who just double up as soon as your pinkie touches their areolae! Mind you, they could be laughing at my dick. I wouldn't blame them.

Some girls will giggle at literally anything you say. I once knew a waitress from Thames Ditton who ran through a string of boyfriends, each more boring than the last: she'd go down the same pub with them every night and listen to them droning on about any old toot – crop rotation in Uruguay, their Auntie May's piles, whatever – and she'd hoot and squirm and jiggle about all over the place. Her blokes all thought they were being dead witty.

I asked her why she put up with all these jerks. "Why do you hang around with such boring bastards?" I said.

"They may be stupid, but I fancy them," she said.

"But why do you laugh at all that crap they spout?" I said.

"'Cos the best way to get a man into bed is to laugh at his jokes, of course," she said. Perceptive girl.

That's the thing about girls who giggle: they're almost always after a bit. When most girls are giggling, what they're really thinking is: "If I make myself look as thick as possible, this bloke might think that he stands a chance with me. So I'll giggle my head off, act like a mentally deficient aardvark and with any luck he'll invite me back to his flat for a good seeing-to."

Of course, it is possible that your giggling girl is nervous, and this can also be a good sign. And then again, she might really be as thick as a Pot Noodle. You might say it doesn't matter much either way, so long as she's got big tits. And a nice, wobbly arse. And you'd be right. ♣